HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE LATEST THING IN CUCKOOS.

WHITE HOUSE, JANUARY 3, 1895.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED.

THE House of Representatives has declared itself against the CARLISLE bill. It is evident that no comprehensive plan will command a majority of both Houses, and yet it is necessary that something be done for the relief of the country. The gold of the Treasury continues to disappear. Since Mr. HARRISON's administration began, about $218,000,000 in gold has been drawn from the Treasury—$148,000,000 more than the sum necessary to meet the deficiency of the last fiscal year. If the drain continue for a few weeks longer at the rate at which it has been going on, the Secretary of the Treasury will be obliged to advertise another issue of five per cent. bonds. He sold the last $50,000,000 of securities at a price which makes the loan a nominal charge of three per cent. on the government's revenues, revenues that without this additional burden are insufficient to meet the public expenditures. But the bonds are now selling on the market for less than the purchasing syndicate paid for them. As prices stand, the syndicate has lost on the transaction. Can the Secretary market another lot of bonds issued under the law of 1875? Probably, but he may not obtain the prices that were paid for the two lots already added to the public debt. If the market for government bonds remain under the control of the men who now manipulate the prices, he will be lucky if he makes the loan at three and a half per cent. But counting the premium obtained on these bonds as if it is to be deducted from the interest is a mere bookkeeping pretence. If $50,000,000 of bonds are sold at $1 17 the government receives $58,500,000, less the cost of effecting the loan. It receives $8,500,000 premium, but for the years during which the bonds run it must pay five per cent. on the $50,000,000. On the $100,000,000 already borrowed the annual charge is $5,000,000. There is no reason to believe that there will be any decrease in the demand for gold so long as the legal tenders and Treasury notes are in existence. It is presumable, if the Treasury goes on issuing these five per cent. bonds, that the aggregate addition to the public debt in this way will reach $500,000,000, the sum of the legal tenders and Treasury notes now outstanding, and then the annual burden of interest on these bonds issued to overcome the assaults upon the Treasury gold will be $25,000,000. The necessities of the government may not permit the Secretary to stop even with an issue of $500,000,000. There are no limits to the evil possibilities that may result from the continued existence of this government demand paper.

And after all this addition to the public debt has been made, nothing will have been gained. The drain will still go on unless commercial and monetary conditions change. Why should the country pay $25,000,000 a year, or $5,000,000, or anything, in order to keep the reservoir filled so that when the greenback or Treasury-note buckets come to the well they may always find a supply? It is clear that this paper is to continue to cost the country millions of dollars, and it is also clear that we have not yet reached the limit of that cost. So long as we must pay, why not have something to show for the expenditure? Some members of the syndicate have said that the five per cent. bonds are selling for less than the government received for them because the currency question is unsettled. It is probable that if the government were not a prey to the holders of its outstanding demand notes its credit would be improved. In that event it might borrow at two and a half per cent., certainly at three per cent. Assuming that it would be obliged to pay the higher rate, it might fund the legal tenders and the Treasury notes at an annual cost of $15,000,000. And this, with the interest on the five per cent. bonds already issued, would be expended for something worth while—for the extinction of the means by which the drainage of gold is now compelled. Of course very little of the paper would be presented for redemption, and therefore the currency would not be contracted. The mere grant of power to the Secretary to redeem the paper in gold bonds would put an end to the danger now fronting the government and disturbing the business community.

As the WEEKLY argued in its last issue, this is the first object to be gained by financial legislation at this session. The general monetary question can wait for its solution. Our currency, it is true, is not elastic, but the country is not now in want of more currency. The trouble is of the opposite kind. There is more currency than the banks can lend profitably. The banks are the sufferers by existing conditions, and they would rather have the problem settled soundly and permanently than settled quickly and temporarily. Moreover, there is little prospect that any complete currency bill will be passed by the present Congress. Only six weeks remain of the session, and there is not a measure pending in either House of Congress which is seriously discussed that is not open to grave objections. Mr. CARLISLE's measure probably attracts more support than either of those offered by Mr. COOMBS and Mr. SPERRY, but it was drawn for the purpose of catching votes, of uniting hostile views, and a monetary measure at this crisis of the country's affairs, when the business community recognizes that our present currency system is in need of radical reform, should not be drafted on the vote-catching plan. The questions presented can be most satisfactorily and quickly answered by experts. A report from a commission of recognized authorities would have weight with Congress, no matter how widely Representatives and Senators might differ from one another. What is of vastly greater importance, it would have weight with the country, and it is difficult to overestimate the force of public opinion on Congress.

The friends of sound money and sound finance in the two Houses of Congress ought to be able to enact laws funding the demand paper of the government and authorizing the appointment of a monetary commission. The effort to do so would not be unattended with difficulties, but the difficulties would not be so great as those which the pending measures are sure to meet. In fact, the majority of the Democrats of the House of Representatives have already voted in favor of retiring the legal tenders. Nor should there be any partisan opposition to these propositions. The leaders of both parties can agree on them. The Republicans in Congress have no right to take the ground that the Democrats are solely responsible for legislation. The Democratic party cannot be united in support of any currency measure. The House itself has pronounced against the CARLISLE bill. The party is hopelessly divided in the Senate, at least. It cannot give the country the relief that is essential to its welfare. If the Republicans manifest a disposition to actively aid in the solution of the problem, we are sure that a large number of Democrats will meet them more than half way. What is more, the country is also sure of this, and will hold any one, Republican or Democrat, who refuses to help in these strenuous times to a strict accountability. It is the legislative, not the executive, branch of the government that is on trial, and in the face of a common danger the plea of party policy or party necessity will not excuse a Congressman for not coming to the country's aid. If the Democratic caucus in the House of Representatives showed many divisions of opinion, it was a much more admirable assemblage than the caucus of Republican Senators, which is reported to have cynically determined to permit the country to flounder in the mire until the party could have the sole credit for its rescue.

REFORM AND POLITICS.

THE recent adoption by the Chamber of Commerce of New York of a stirring report on Tammany misrule presented by one of its committees, and of a set of resolutions demanding in vigorous terms further investigation of municipal departments, with a view to bringing guilty parties to condign punishment, is one of the most hopeful auguries of the ultimate success of municipal reform. It indicates not only that so important a body as the Chamber of Commerce—an organization composed of the best elements of our citizenship, animated with genuine public spirit, and commanding universal respect—clearly understands that very much is still to be done to secure to this city good government, but that it also rightly appreciates the true source of the strength of the reform movement. For that report and those resolutions, while setting forth a programme of action, are of especial moment as a rousing appeal to public opinion.

No candid observer will fail to recognize the fact that our struggle for good municipal government is essentially a struggle between the people and the politicians. In the recent election it was a struggle between the people and the politicians of Tammany Hall. Now that the politicians of Tammany Hall have been defeated at the polls, and the fruits of that popular victory have to be gathered, it is a struggle between the people and the politicians of the party which controls the State Legislature. There is an abundance of evidence to prove that leading Republicans, "Boss" PLATT at their head, while talking smoothly about reform, will do all in their power to prevent such a measure of reform as will cut off political deals and dickers, and the building up of machines by the use of offices as patronage. To this end they claim the result of the popular uprising in the city of New York as a partisan victory, and seek to discredit the public-spirited leaders of that uprising with the people of the State as impertinent intruders who, when they attempt to influence legislation, try to meddle with things that do not concern them. Indeed, the manner in which Mr. T. C. PLATT sneers at the Committee of Seventy and Dr. PARKHURST as such meddlers, because they ask to be heard by the Legislature with regard to laws touching the interests of the city of New York, their home, while he, a citizen of Tioga County, claims such a privilege for himself as a matter of course, is one of the most glaring exhibitions of human impudence on record.

It may therefore be taken for certain that while some reform measures will be "conceded" by the controlling Republican politicians to pacify public sentiment, as "a tub to the whale," others, and among them probably some of the most important ones, which would stand in the way of corrupt partisan dicker, will be opposed with all the open and secret means known to the political intriguer. The question how such opposition can be overcome is a vital one, but easily answered if the friends of reform will only keep some simple facts in view. They will have to divest themselves, in the first place, of some dangerous delusions.

It has been suggested that Boss PLATT may possibly be made an ally of the reform movement, and be induced to use his influence in the Legislature in favor of all the necessary reform measures. Those who think so must deem Boss PLATT capable of voluntarily sacrificing his political existence upon the altar of a reform which has always been to him a barren ideality, for his political existence is based upon deals, the manipulation of patronage, and the collection and management of political money contributions. This is his conception of politics. To expect him of his own accord to give up all this on so productive a field as the city of New York is expecting too much. Our reform friends must make up their minds to it that Boss PLATT is not that sort of a patriot. They will have to rely upon something else than his self-sacrificing disposition.

By others it is thought that the best way to get the greatest possible amount of reform for the city will be to seek to propitiate the politicians by yielding to them this or that point, and thus to secure their support for the most important things. To those who think so we would observe that, as abundant experience proves, whenever reformers try to play with the thorough-paced politician at his own game, they are always outwitted and beaten. They would in this case be in imminent danger of bringing out of the negotiation a system of municipal reform with a prolific nest of partisanship and corruption concealed in it.

If the friends of reform wish to exercise a really strong influence upon the Legislature, with a certainty that it will serve none but good ends, they must, above all things, remember where their actual strength is. It is in the support of public opinion. And public opinion, when it comes forth with its whole energy, is a power to which even so tough and wily a politician as Boss PLATT will at last find it prudent unconditionally to submit. In this instance the case is a very simple one. Here is the great commercial metropolis of the United States which for many years has been monstrously misgoverned by combinations of selfish politicians. Its citizens have been outrageously plundered by organized blackmailers. Its streets have been in a condition fit only for a semi-barbarous community. Its municipal departments have been presided over by ignorant ruffians and political adventurers, disgracing the city by their prominence as high officials, and using their power for private pelf and partisan advantage. Its police has been an agency of rapacious extortion and oppression. Its name has been held up to scorn and shame the world over as a synonym of corruption and debasement. At last the good citizens rise up, throw aside partisan politics, and by a supreme effort overthrow the ignominious despotism which so long had enslaved them. They proclaim that the fair fame of the city must be retrieved; that they will have honest and efficient government, and that to this end, since the deals and dickers of party politics have served to foster and fortify corruption and misrule, party politics must be eliminated from their municipal concerns.

But now, with Boss PLATT at their head, a set of politicians confront them, and declare that the city shall have only so much reform as they see fit; that party politics shall not be eliminated from the municipal concerns; that they will not consent to be deprived of their patronage and their opportunities for political deals and bargains, and that they insist upon a government by bipartisan commissions which furnishes these opportunities.

This is the true state of the case. What the good citizens of New York have to do is to present to the people of the State this case by the most energetic demonstrations of public opinion; to make clear to them the revolting character of the attempts of selfish political tricksters, who do not even live in this city, to frustrate the efforts of this community for the abolition of the frightful evils from which it has suffered so long and for the establishment of honest government—in one word, to demand justice at the hand of the people's representatives. If such a demand, well defined, in Mayor STRONG'S words, as a demand for "a change from politics to business," is put forth with appropriate vigor, we will see whether the Legislature will dare to disregard it, and whether the boss and his henchmen will not consider it the part of safety to desist from a course which in less civilized times would have moved an outraged population to send away such intriguers against its welfare riding on a rail.

MAYOR STRONG AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

FOR the reorganization of the city government in a way to secure the most extensive and the most lasting improvement it is plain that Mayor STRONG will require new legislation. This will take time, and may be difficult, for the Legislature is not made up exclusively of reformers. In the mean while there is very much that the Mayor can do under the law as it stands, without the interference of any one, and requiring only such co-operation of able and upright citizens as he can readily command. Fortunately Mr. STRONG has given evidence that he fully understands his power in this regard, and intends to use it carefully and deliberately, but firmly, consistently, and with a view to permanent results. We refer to the power conferred by section B of the civil-service act (laws of 1883, chapter 354, as amended by the laws of 1884, chapter 410).

Under this law the Mayor is authorized, subject only to the approval of the State Civil Service Commission, to prescribe rules to ascertain by competitive tests, where practicable, the relative fitness of applicants for appointment or employment in the city service and to regulate their admission. From the possible operation of these rules there are only unimportant exceptions. The chief of these are the elective officers, the commissioners and heads of departments, and certain officials for whose custody of public funds their superiors are financially responsible. There are some 300 of these exceptions. Apart from them and from the educational department, which has a wholly anomalous and very unfortunate organization, the entire city service is within the general jurisdiction of the Mayor, and he may apply to it such tests for admission as are within the purpose of the law, which is to secure fitness and promote efficiency.

The city has had, since 1885, a system intended originally to carry out the purpose of the law. Its machinery is very simple, and consists of a Supervisory Board, which aids the Mayor in devising rules and superintends their application; a chief examiner, who is a member of the board; and sundry examiners, in part selected from the various departments. It is not worth while to trace the history of this system. Its earlier work was extremely good, and was carried as far and as fast as experience warranted. During the last five or six years many abuses have crept in; the supervision has been inefficient; evasions have grown in number; in the clerical force of the departments the requirements of the law and the rules have been relegated to nocuous desuetude; in the uniformed police force the commissioners have found means, in practice, to choose applicants for examination, and generally the actual virtue of the system has been in inverse proportion to the contempt felt for it by the politicians, and that has been supreme. This, however, is not the fault of the principle of the law, nor is it entirely the fault of the men specifically in charge of the system. It is chiefly due to the determination of the men in control of the city government to "beat" the system. The reform has suffered the mishap of him who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho.

The natural order of procedure for Mayor STRONG, and the one which we have no doubt that he will follow, is to make up his Supervisory Board of honorable and intelligent men, devoted to the merit system, and absolutely opposed to spoils in any form, with experience and capacity fitting them for their difficult work. With such a board it will not take a long time to ascertain the exact condition of the civil service system, the abuses that have developed, the weak points in its provisions or in their enforcement, and the remedy. After having secured the needed thoroughness and fidelity in the application of the general system as already framed, the next step will be its careful but radical extension; and here the opportunity of the new administration straightway broadens immensely, and promises a degree of utility, of beneficence, as great and as lasting as any that the next three years can present. It is no exaggeration to say that by the proper extension of the merit system, under the ample power possessed by the Mayor, Mr. STRONG can before his term closes make it extremely difficult and practically impossible for any political organization, such as Tammany, again to seize or retain its hold on the government of the city of New York. He can, in his own businesslike words, substantially "banish partisan politics from the City Hall."

The main strength of Tammany has been, as that of any like organization for spoils must be, the votes secured by public employment or the promise of it. By far the largest and most valuable part of the votes thus secured are those of the laborers and mechanics and others influenced by these. The regular labor force of the city of New York, chiefly in the Street-cleaning, Park, Dock, and Public Works departments, is, in round numbers, 5000. This number is increased in times of emergency, and does not include laborers employed under contract, whose votes are in a large degree controlled by the contractor. The command of this mass of employment, at a moderate estimate, has been to Tammany the command of a solid, permanent, gratuitous vote of 15,000 to 20,000, to say nothing of the contributions to the war-chest which its sale has secured. This resource can be barred to Tammany, and to any other like organization, by the adoption of the registration of laborers, which has been worked with entire success in Boston for nine years, in the United States navy-yards for four years, and in Brooklyn for the past year. In substance, this system consists of open and free application from all seeking work, and their selection on the basis of experience, their employment so long as efficient, and discharge only for reasons publicly recorded. It may be said that this plan could be "beaten" like any other by unfaithful officials. There is one sufficient answer: Once adopted, the whole labor vote of the city would unite in defending and enforcing it. That has been found to be the case in Boston. It would be the case here.

This is the most fruitful field of immediate, practical, and lasting reform open to Mayor STRONG. We are happy to be able to believe that he understands his opportunity and will seize it.

UNNECESSARY TREPIDATION.

THE resolution introduced by Senator LODGE concerning Hawaiian affairs is based on the assumption that Mr. CLEVELAND secretly connived at the restoration of the monarchy after Congress had practically decided on the recognition of the DOLE government. Mr. LODGE himself is impressed with the idea that Great Britain seeks to control the islands, and points to its efforts to acquire a station on an uninhabited island of the group for a cable between Canada and Australia as evidence of the correctness of his view. It now turns out that the DOLE government itself is not afraid of British interference or unfriendliness, and that it wishes to grant Great Britain the sovereignty of Necker Island for the purpose indicated. Its consent depends, it appears, on the willingness of this government to waive a provision of the reciprocity treaty. Probably Mr. LODGE will seek to save the new Hawaiian government from the consequences of its own blindness. He has his eyes open if President DOLE has not.

The depths of partisan meanness have certainly been sounded in the debate raised by the Senator's resolution. So much has been recently and truthfully said concerning the degradation of the United States Senate, that the task of adding a count to the indictment is decidedly ungrateful. It is impossible and improper, however, for a public journal which assumes to speak frankly and independently on current events to refrain from expressing its opinion of the conduct and speeches of Senators LODGE and ALDRICH. It was insinuated that the withdrawal of the *Philadelphia* was intended by the President to encourage a royalist uprising, especially as the only warship left at Honolulu belonged to the British. Mr. ALDRICH went so far as to state that it was "a singular circumstance that the vessel should have been withdrawn at once closely following the visit" of the commissioners of the Queen to Washington. The ship left Honolulu on the 12th of August. Her sailing orders had been received on the 2d of August. The note of the commissioners to the President was dated the 11th of August, and it is now known that the movements of the *Philadelphia* were not controlled in any way by the unfruitful visit of these representatives of the Queen. These dates, which might easily have been known to both the Senators, if they were not, dispose of the mean insinuation. They show that the President had no knowledge of the plan to leave a British ship as the sole representative of foreign countries at Honolulu. This is confirmed by Mr. WILLIS'S later despatches. Moreover, the President makes public his reply to the royalist commissioners, in which he refused to receive or consider them officially, and declined to give them any encouragement, on the expressed ground that Congress had taken charge of the matter.

There is something degrading in a partisanship that will lead Senators to stoop to a cowardly insinuation like this. If Mr. CLEVELAND was guilty of doing the act which these Senators intended to fasten upon him, he ought to be driven out of his office. What, then, ought to be the punishment of Senators who will hint at an untruthful accusation of such gravity? If Mr. LODGE were guilty of an offence in literature equal to that which he has thus committed in politics, no reputable publisher could thereafter afford to put his imprint on his books. If Mr. ALDRICH were similarly guilty in business, honest merchants would cease to deal with him. But now that it appears that the scare about British influence in the Sandwich Islands is confined to the United States Senate, and that the victim in Hawaii is unconscious of its peril, compassion for the Senators will probably take the place of indignation.

It is impossible for them to provoke a quarrel between the new government and Great Britain, or to stimulate the latter to any act of aggression, and therefore one fruitful source of anti-CLEVELAND speeches and resolutions will be taken from them. The ridiculous termination of the affair, however, may not be without beneficent results. It will probably cast discredit upon the movement to annex the islands to the United States. The "coaling-station" and "strategy" arguments are not likely seriously to impair the reasoning powers of minds that are amused by the sudden and unconscious revelation of the baselessness of Senator LODGE'S trepidation concerning English designs, and of his fears that a cable station on an uninhabited island will tie Hawaii to the imperial policy of Great Britain. The truth about this whole wretched attempt to "expose" Mr. CLEVELAND'S policy in dealing with Hawaii is that it has been a pitiful failure, and those who have indulged in it will at some time be heartily ashamed of the part they have played in bringing discredit upon the country by treating a grave international question on the basis of catchpenny politics stimulated by personal greed.

CONTINUE THE INVESTIGATION.

IN its issue of December 23, 1893, the WEEKLY, speaking of the duty of the then newly elected Legislature to investigate all the departments of the city government, said: "The government which the State has given to New York is neither Republican nor Democratic in form; it is the worst despotism in the world, because the despot is under no restraint of law, of tradition, and, of course, of none from respect for the rights of his fellows, or for himself. The State must uncover all the sad and disgusting details of boss rule in New York."

It was with the utmost difficulty that the majority in the Legislature was persuaded to undertake this duty. At first it was thought that a joint committee ought to be appointed, the Senators chosen by their fellow-members because Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN could not be depended on to appoint fair and unbiassed men, the Assemblymen to be appointed by Speaker MALBY. But there was opposition to an investigation. Mr. PLATT and the Republicans at Albany, who obeyed him implicitly, could see no occasion for an investigation. The cause of their lukewarmness and opposition has now been revealed. But they soon found that they were standing in the way of public opinion. The wave of righteous wrath was not to be turned back or checked by their feeble commands. They were forced on step by step until we have the full exposure of the police force, the complete demonstration that, as Captain SCHMITTBERGER confessed, Superintendent BYRNES confirming him, the police force of New York city is "rotten to the core."

We know for what purposes Tammany used this force of professed public guardians. We know that part of its enormous revenues came from the price of "protection" extorted from crime and vice, part from the blackmailing of merchants not virtuous enough to resist the demands of the captains and their ward men, and part from the sale of appointments to the force, and of promotions to its higher grades. The miserable story of the lowest forms of corruption—of corruption that must have eaten into the very souls and minds of those who indulged in it, making them unfit for any manly employment—has been spread before the public, and there is a weak disposition to cry halt, and to say that we have had enough.

But we have not had enough. Now, as when the WEEKLY first uttered the sentences quoted above, it is the duty of the State to "uncover all the sad and disgusting details of boss rule in New York." Now that the people are taking account of the vileness of those who have been administering their affairs, they ought not to stop until they have discovered the whole disagreeable truth. It must not lie in the power of any Tammany apologist in the future to say that the investigation stopped with the police force because the reformers knew that an examination of the other departments of the municipal government would find them pure and spotless. That such would be the contention, and that it would be effective with many easy-going citizens of New York, is certain from the history and experiences of the past.

Not only is a thorough inquiry essential to the complete awakening of the people of New York to the importance of continued effort for good government, but it is necessary for the ascertainment of the evils which may be reformed by legislation. And in this problem the whole country is interested. Thorough investigation of all the departments of the government is a subject on which honest men do not differ. Mayor STRONG has revived the almost forgotten power of the Commissioners of Accounts. Much will be accomplished by them. But the efforts of the commissioners should be supplemented by the Republican majority in the Legislature. There is only one reason why that majority may refuse to act. It is that PLATT is not in favor of reformers or inquiries that may disturb his heretofore profitable relations with Tammany Hall. If the Legislature wants to assume the sins and unpopularity of PLATT, it will refuse to continue the LEXOW committee's work. If it does not, it will act on Senator LEXOW'S resolution and continue the investigation.

THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

For many years, indeed ever since the throwing open of the Brooklyn Bridge to traffic, it has been very evident that another bridge was greatly needed over the East River, and perhaps several others; and a great many plans have been made to supply bridges, and so to shorten the journey from Manhattan to Long Island. But projects of this kind involve, for their successful accomplishment, the expenditure of vast sums of money, the greater part of which, during the progress of the work, will have to lie idle, and the consent of the United States authorities, who look very carefully to see that the navigation in this great river is not obstructed.

Projectors, therefore, who would bridge the East River must get the money, and satisfy the Secretary of War that their structure will do no hurt to commerce. Both of these tasks are difficult, and the promoters of a bridge across the Hudson, or North, River have recently had to abandon their long-cherished plans because the Secretary of War would not consent to the placing of a pier in the Hudson River.

The engineer of the bridge across the East River, now under way, does not have to contend with a difficulty of this nature, because this bridge is so located that two piers will rest on Blackwells Island, and the spans over the east and west channels are conveniently short, each of them being 846 feet, while the span over the island is 615 feet.

When permission to build this bridge was first secured the Secretary of War stipulated that the bottom of the bridge should be 150 feet above high water in the river. Later he amended this stipulation, and fixed the height at 135 feet, which is the amount of space beneath the Brooklyn Bridge at high water. This change in elevation was due to the short distance between the New York end of the bridge and Third Avenue, where there will be a connection with the elevated railway system. It would have been well-nigh impossible to descend safely to the level of the elevated railroad had not this fifteen feet been lopped off. It would have been quite impossible to attain a high rate of speed on the up grade.

The plan of the company building the bridge is to have a whole block between Second and Third avenues for a terminal station and a place of connection with the elevated railroad system.

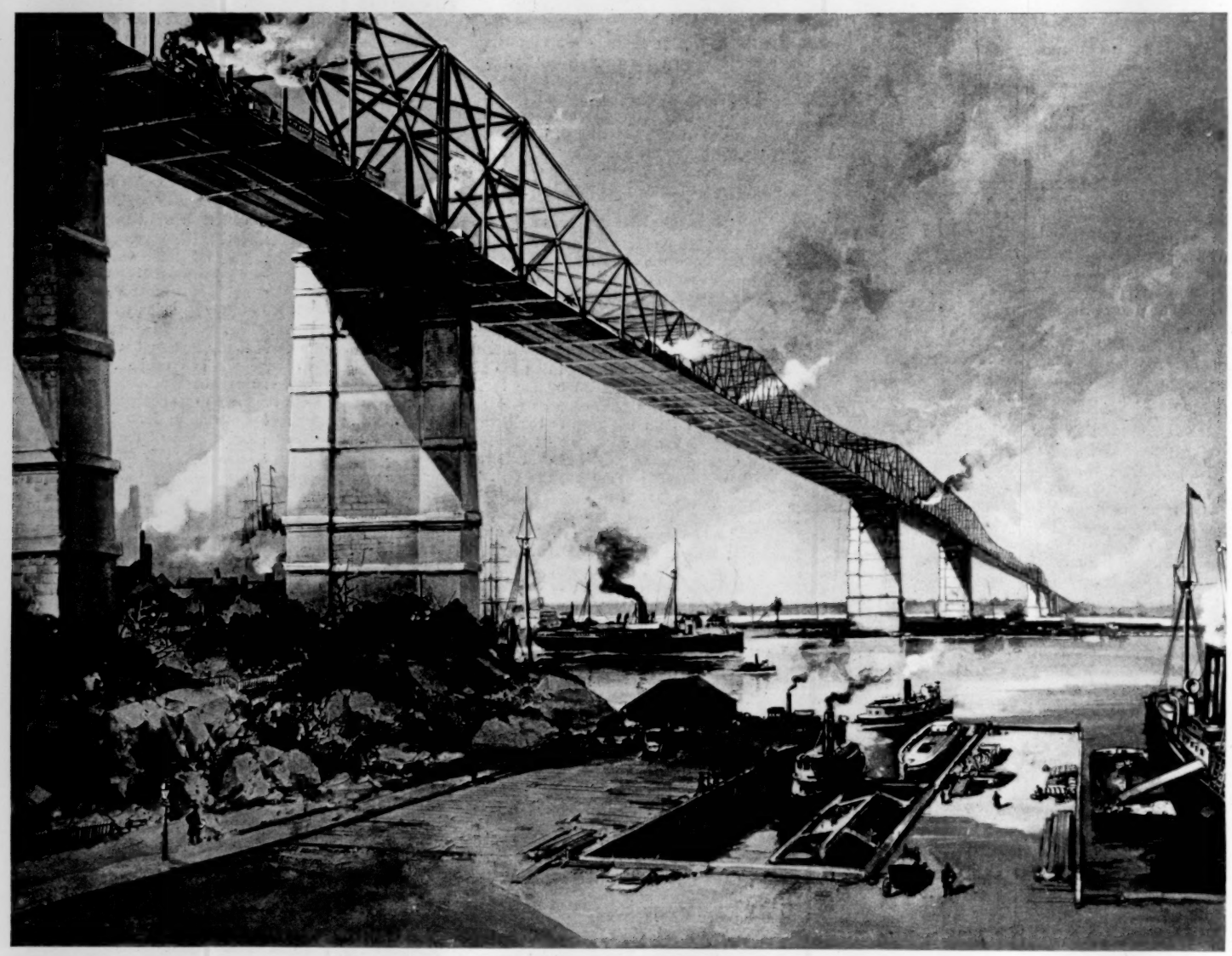
The ground-floor of this immense station will be a great market, and it is proposed that the cellars shall be used for the cold storage of perishable market products. The exact location of this station has not yet been announced, and it will not be until the land has been bought by private treaty or proceedings have been begun for its condemnation. On the Long Island side of the river the bridge will be connected with the Long Island Railroad, which has lines to the furthest end of the island, and other lines running into Brooklyn and connecting with the elevated and surface roads of that city.

This bridge will relieve the present bridge of a part of the traffic which crowds it so uncomfortably morning and evening, and it will also bring the suburban and rural districts of Long Island much nearer the metropolis.

The bridge, without the terminals, will cost $8,000,000, and Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, the engineer, feels certain that it will be finished by the summer of 1897. The bridge will have four railway tracks, with carriageways and walks on either side. The superstructure will consist of cantilever trusses, and the steel in them will weigh about 53,000,000 pounds. The contract for the steel-work had not been awarded when this article was written, but the proposals were in hand, and the engineers were pleased that these were not beyond the estimates. Work is now in progress on the foundations, and the contract has been awarded for the granite which is to be used in the piers.

This bridge has been in contemplation for many years, and as a project it is senior to the suspension-bridge built jointly by New York and Brooklyn. But until Mr. Austin Corbin and his colleagues of the Long Island Railroad took hold of the scheme, a few years ago, it never appeared to have much vitality.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD W. MEADE, U. S. N.—[See Page 55.]



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. Louis Sonntag, Jun.
As it will appear when completed.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE ASSEMBLY.

THE blow, and the insult with which he accompanied it, for the moment put an end to my repentance. But, short as the distance was across the floor from the one door to the other, it gave me time to think again; to remember that this was Louis, and that, whatever cause I had had to complain of him, whatever grounds to suspect that he was now the instrument of others, no friend could have done more to assuage my wrath, nor the most honest more to prevent me entering on an impossible task. Melting quickly, I felt that if kindness alone had led him to interpose I had made him the worst return in the world; and in fine before the outer door could be opened to us I repented anew. When the usher held it for me to pass, I

"ONE MOMENT AND I HAD THE DOOR OF THE ASSEMBLY OPEN."

sharply bade him close it, and to Louis's surprise turned and muttering something ran back. Before he could do more than utter a cry of rage I was across the vestibule; one moment and I had the door of the Assembly open.

I saw before me—I suppose that my hand had raised the latch noisily—tiers of surprised faces all turned my way; I heard a murmur of mingled annoyance and laughter; then, in an instant, I was threading my way to my place with the monotonous voice of the President in my ears, and the scene around me so changed—from that low-voiced altercation outside to this Chamber full of light and life and thronged with starers—that I sank into my seat dazzled and abashed and almost forgetful for the moment of the purpose which brought me thither.

A moment and my face grew hotter still. Each of the benches on which we sat held three; I shared mine with one of the Harincourts and M. d'Aulnoy, my place being between them. I had scarcely taken it five seconds when Harincourt rose slowly, and without turning his face to me, moved away down the gangway, and fanning himself delicately with his hat, assumed a leaning position against a desk with his gaze on the President. Half a minute, and d'Aulnoy followed his example. Then the three behind me rose and quietly found other places. Then the three before me. In two minutes I sat alone, isolated, a mark for all eyes; a kind of leper in the Assembly.

I ought to have been prepared for some such demonstration; but I was not, and my cheeks burned as if the curious looks to which I was exposed were a hot fire. It was impossible for me, taken by surprise, to hide my embarrassment, for wherever I gazed I met sneering eyes and contemptuous glances, and pride would not let me hang my head. For many minutes, therefore, I was unconscious of everything but that scorching gaze. I could not even hear what was going forward. The President's voice was a dull meaningless drawl to me.

But all the while anger and resentment were hardening me in my resolve; and presently the cloud passed away from my mind and left me exulting. The monotonous reading to which I had listened without understanding it came to an end, and was followed by sharp interrogations—a question and an answer, a name and a reply. And it was that awoke me. The drawl had been the reading of the cahier; now they were voting on it.

Presently it would be my turn; it was coming to my turn. With each vote—I need not say that all were affirmative—more and more faces were turned to the place where I sat, more eyes, some hostile, some triumphant, some merely curious, were directed to my face. And under other circumstances this might have cowed me; now it did not. I was wrought up to face it. The unfriendly looks of so many who had called themselves my friends, the scornful glances of new men of ennobled families who had been glad of my father's countenance, the consciousness that all had deserted me merely because I maintained in practice opinions which half of them had proclaimed in words, hardened me to a pitch of scorn no whit below that of my opponents, while the knowledge that to blench now would cover me with lasting shame closed the door to thoughts of surrender.

The Assembly, on the other hand, felt the novelty of its position. Men were not yet accustomed to the war of the Senate, to duels of words more deadly than those of the sword, and a certain doubt, a certain hesitation, held the majority in suspense, watching to see what would happen. Moreover, the leaders, both M. de St. Alais, who headed the hotter and prouder court party, and the nobles of the Robe and Parliament, who had only lately discovered that their interest lay in the same direction, found themselves embarrassed by the very smallness of the opposition, since a substantial minority must have been accepted as a fact, whereas one man—one man standing in the way of unanimity presented himself as a thing to be removed, if only the way could be discovered.

"M. le Comte de Cantal?" the President cried, and looked, not at the person he named, but at me.

"Content."

"M. le Vicomte de Marignac?"

"Content."

The next name I did not hear, for in my excitement it seemed that all in the Chamber were looking at me, that voice was failing me, that when the moment came I should sit dumb and paralyzed, unable to speak and forever disgraced. I thought of this, not of what was passing; then in a moment recollection came back, I heard the last name before mine, that of M. d'Aulnoy; heard the answer given. Then my own name echoing in hollow silence.

"M. le Vicomte de Saux?"

I stood up. I spoke, my voice sounding alien, like another man's. "I dissent from this cahier," I said.

I expected an outburst of wrath; it did not come. Instead a peal of laughter, in which I distinguished St. Alais's tones, rang through the room, and brought the blood again to my cheeks. The laughter lasted some time, rose and fell, and rose again, while I stood pilloried. But it had one effect the laughers did not contemplate. On occasions the most taciturn become eloquent. I forgot the periods from Rochefoucauld and Liancourt which I had so carefully prepared, I forgot the passages from Turgot of which I had made notes, and I broke out in a strain I had not foreseen or intended.

"Messieurs!" I cried, hurling my voice through the Chamber, "I dissent from this cahier because it is effete and futile; because, if for no other reason, the time when it could have been of any service is past. You claim your privileges, your exemptions; they are gone! they are gone! You protest against the union of your representatives with those of the people; they have sat with them, and you can no more undo that by a protest than you can set back the tide! The thing is done. The dog is hungry; you have given it a bone. Do you think to get the bone back unmouthed, whole, without loss? If so, you are mad. But this is not all, nor the principal of my objection to this cahier. France to-day stands naked, bankrupt, without treasury, without money. Do you think to help her, to clothe her, to fill her treasury by maintaining your privileges, by maintaining your exemptions, by standing out for the last jot and tittle of your rights? No, messieurs. In the old days those exemptions, those rights, those privileges wherein our ancestors gloried and gloried well, were given to them because they were the buckler of France. They maintained and armed and led men; the commonalty did the rest. But now the people fight, the people pay, the people do all. Yes, messieurs, it is true—it is true that which we have all heard, '*Le manant paye pour tout!*'"

I paused, expecting that now, at last, the long-delayed outburst of anger would come. Instead, before any in the Chamber could speak, there rose through the windows, which looked on the market-place and had been widely opened on account of the heat, a great cry, a cry of applause, the shout of the street, that, for the first time perhaps, heard its wrongs voiced. It was full of assent, of rejoicing; but no attack could have disconcerted me more completely. I stood astonished and taken aback.

But this effect which it had on me was slight in comparison with that which it had on my opponents. The cries of dissent they were about to utter died still-born at the portent, and for a moment men stared at one another as if they could not believe their ears. For that

"'MESSIEURS,' HE SAID, IN A LOUD RINGING VOICE, 'THERE IS STRANGE NEWS.'"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

moment a silence of rage—of surprise—prevailed through the whole Chamber. Then M. de St. Alais sprang to his feet.

"What is this?" he cried, his handsome face dark with excitement. "Has the King ordered us, too, to sit with the third estate? If not, M. le Président—if not, I say," he continued, sternly putting down an attempt at applause, "and if this be not a conspiracy between some of our body and the canaille to bring about another Jacquerie—"

The President, a weak man of a Robe family, interrupted him. "Have a care, monsieur," he said. "The windows are still open."

"Open?"

The President nodded.

"And what if they are? What of that?" St. Alais answered, harshly. "What of that, monsieur?" he continued, looking round him with an eye which seemed to collect and express the scorn of the more fiery spirits. "If so, it is better! Let them be open. Let those without hear both sides, and not only those who flatter them—those who by building on their weakness and ignorance, and canting about their rights and wrongs, think to exalt themselves into Retzes and Cromwells! Yes, Monsieur le Président," he continued, while I strove in vain to interrupt him, and half the Assembly rose to their feet in confusion, "I repeat the phrase, who to the ambition of a Cromwell or a Retz add their violence, not their parts."

The injustice of the reproach stung me, and I turned on him. "M. le Marquis," I cried, hotly, "if by that phrase you refer to me—"

He laughed scornfully. "As you please, monsieur," he said.

"I fling it back! I repudiate it!" I cried. "M. de St. Alais has called me a Retz, a Cromwell—"

"Pardon me," he interposed, swiftly—"a would-be Retz."

"A traitor, either way!" I answered, striving against the laughter which at his repartee flashed through the room, bringing the blood rushing to my face. "A traitor, either way! But I say that he is the traitor who today advises the King to his hurt."

"And not he who comes here with a mob at his back?" St. Alais retorted, with heat almost equal to own. "Who, one man, would browbeat a hundred, and dictate to this Assembly?"

"Monsieur repeats himself," I cried, cutting him short in my turn, though no laughter followed my gibe. "I deny what he says. I fling back his accusations! I retort upon him! And for the rest, I object to this cahier. I dissent from it. I—"

But the Assembly was at the end of its patience. A roar of "Withdraw! withdraw!" drowned my voice, and in a moment the meeting, so orderly a few minutes before, became a scene of wild uproar. A few of the older men still kept their seats, but the majority rose; some had already sprung to the windows and closed them, and still stood with their feet on the ledge, looking down on the confusion. Others had gone to the door and taken their stand there, perhaps with the idea of resisting intrusion. The President in vain cried for silence. His voice, equally with mine, was lost in the persistent clamor, which swelled to a louder pitch whenever I offered to speak, and sank only when I desisted.

At length M. de St. Alais raised his hand, and with little difficulty procured silence. Before I could take advantage of it, however, the President interposed. "The Assembly of the noblesse of Quercy," he said, hurriedly, "is in favor of this cahier, maintaining our ancient rights, privileges, and exemptions. The Vicomte de Saux alone protests. The cahier will be presented."

"I protest!" I cried, weakly.

"I have said so," the President answered, with a sneer. And a peal of derisive laughter, mingled with shouts of applause, ran round the Chamber. "The cahier will be presented. The matter is concluded."

And then in a moment, magically, as it seemed to me, the Chamber resumed its ordinary aspect. The members who had risen returned to their seats; those who had closed the windows descended; a few retired; the President proceeded with some ordinary business. Every trace of the storm disappeared. In a twinkling all was as it had been.

Even where I sat; for no isolation, no division from my fellows, could exceed that in which I had sat before. But whereas before I had had my weapon in reserve and my revenge in prospect, that was no longer so. I had shot my bolt, and sat miserable, fettered by the silence and the strange glances that hemmed me in, and growing each moment not only more depressed but more self-conscious; so that, though I longed to escape, I shrank from moving, even from looking about me.

And not the least of my misery lay in the reflection that I had done no good; that I had suffered for a quixotism, and shown myself stubborn and obstinate to no purpose except my own destruction. Too late I reflected that I might have maintained my principles and yet conformed; I might have stated my convictions, and waived them in deference to the majority. I might have—

But, alas, whatever I might have done, I had not done it, and the die was cast. I had declared myself against my order, and forfeited all I could claim from my order. Henceforth I should be a pariah. It was no fancy that even now men who had occasion to pass before me drew their skirts aside and bowed formally as to one of another class.

How long I should have endured this penance, these veiled insults, and the courtesy that stung deeper, before I plucked up spirit to withdraw, I cannot say. It was an interposition from without that broke the spell. An usher came to me with a note. I opened it with clumsy fingers under a fire of hostile eyes, and found that it was from Louis.

"If you have a spark of honor," it ran, "you will meet me without a moment's delay in the garden at the back of the Chapter-house. Do so, and you may still live to call yourself a gentleman. Refuse, or delay even for ten minutes, and I will publish your shame from one end of Quercy to the other. He cannot call himself Adrien du Pont de Saux, monsieur, who puts up with a blow!"

I read it twice while the usher waited. The words had a cruel, heartless ring in them; the taunting challenge was brutal in its directness. Yet my heart grew soft as I read, and I had much ado to keep the tears from my eyes—under all those eyes. For Louis did not deceive me this time. This note, so unlike him, this last desperate attempt to draw me out and save me from opponents more ruthless, was too transparent to delude me; and in a moment the icy bands which had been growing over me melted. I sat alone still; but I was not quite deserted. I could hold up my head again, for I had a friend. I remembered that, after all, through all, I was Adrien du Pont de Saux, guiltless of aught worse than holding in Quercy opinions which the Lameths and Mirabeaus, the Liancourts and Rochefoucaulds, held in their provinces; guiltless, I told myself, of aught besides standing for right and justice.

But the usher waited. I took from the desk before me a scrap of paper and wrote my answer. "Adrien does not fight with Louis because St. Alais struck Saux."

I wrapped it up and gave it to the usher; then I sat back, a different man, able to meet all eyes, with a heart armed against all misfortunes. Friendship, generosity, love, still existed, though the gentry of Quercy, the Gontauts and Marignacs, sat aloof. Life would still hold sweets, though the grass should grow in the walnut avenue, and my shield should never quarter the arms of St. Alais.

And so I took courage, stood up, and moved to go out. The moment I did so a dozen members sprang to their feet also, and, as I walked down one gangway towards the door, crowded down another parallel with mine, offensively, openly, with the evident intention of intercepting me before I could escape. The commotion was so great that the President paused in his reading to watch the result, while the mass of members who kept their places rose that they might have a better view. I saw in a moment that I was to be publicly insulted, and a fierce joy took the place of every other feeling. If I went slowly, it was not through fear; the pent-up passions of the last hour inspired me, and I would not have hastened the climax for the world. I reached the foot of the gangway, and in another moment we must have come into collision, when a wild explosion of voices, a great roar in the street, that penetrated even through the closed windows, brought us to a sudden halt. We paused, listening and glaring, while the few who had not stood up before rose hurriedly, and the President, startled and suspicious, asked what it was.

For answer the sound rose again, dull, prolonged, shaking the windows—a hoarse cry of triumph. It fell, not ceasing, but passing away into the distance, and then once more it swelled up. It was unlike any shout I had ever heard.

Little by little articulate words grew out of it, or succeeded it, until the air shook with the measured rhythm of one stern sentence. "À bas la Bastille! À bas la Bastille!"

We were to hear many such cries in the time to come, and grow accustomed to such alarms; to the hungry growl in the street, and the loud knocking at the door that meant fate. But they were a new thing then, and the Assembly, as much outraged as alarmed by this second trespass on its dignity, could only look at its President and mutter wrathful threats against the canaille. The canaille that had crouched for a century seemed in some unaccountable way to be changing its posture.

One man cried out one thing, and one another; that the street should be cleared, the regiment sent for, or complaint made to the Intendant. They were still speaking when the door opened and a member came in. It was Louis de St. Alais, and his face was aglow with excitement. Commonly the most modest and quiet of men, he stood forward now and raised his hand imperatively for silence.

"Messieurs," he said, in a loud ringing voice, "there is strange news. A courier with letters for my brother, M. de St. Alais, has spoken in the street. He brings strange tidings."

"What? What?" two or three cried.

"The Bastille has fallen."

No one understood; how should they? but all were silent. Then, "What do you mean?" the President asked, in bewilderment. And he raised his hand, that the silence might be preserved. "The Bastille has fallen? How? What is it?"

"It was captured on Tuesday by the mob of Paris," Louis answered, distinctly, his eyes bright, "and M. de Launay, the Governor, murdered in cold blood."

"The Bastille captured? By the mob?" the President exclaimed, incredulously. "It is impossible, monsieur. You must have misunderstood."

Louis shook his head. "It is true, I fear," he said.

"And M. de Launay?"

"That too, I fear, Monsieur le Président."

Then, indeed, men looked at one another, startled, pale-faced, each asking mute questions of his fellows, while in the street outside the hum of disorder and rejoicing grew moment by moment more steady and continuous. Men looked at each other alarmed, and could not believe. The Bastille, which had stood so many centuries, captured? The Governor killed? Impossible, they muttered, impossible. For what, in that case, was the King doing? What the army? What the Governor of Paris?

Old M. de Gontaut put the thought into words. "But the King?" he said, as soon as he could get a hearing. "His Majesty has doubtless already punished the wretches?"

The answer came from an unexpected quarter, in words as little expected. M. de St. Alais, to whom Louis had handed a letter, rose from his seat with an open paper in his hand. Doubtless if he had taken time to consider he would have seen the imprudence of making public all he knew; but the surprise and mortification of the news he had just received, news that gave the lie to his most confident assurances, news that made the most certain doubt the ground on which they stood, swept away his discretion. He spoke.

"I do not know what the King was doing," he said, in mocking accents, "at Versailles; but I can tell you how the army was employed in Paris, messieurs. The Garde Française were foremost in the attack. Besenval, with such troops as have not deserted, has withdrawn. The city is in the hands of the mob. They have shot Flesselles the Provost, and elected Bailly Mayor. They have raised a militia and armed it. They have appointed Lafayette General. They have adopted a badge. They have—"

"But, mon Dieu!" the President cried, aghast. "This is a revolt!"

"Precisely, monsieur," St. Alais answered.

"And what does the King?" the President continued.

"He is so good—that he has done nothing," was the bitter answer.

"And the States General, the National Assembly at Versailles?"

"Oh, they? They too have done nothing."

"It is Paris, then?" the President said.

"Yes, monsieur, it is Paris," the Marquis answered.

"But Paris?" the President said, helplessly. "Paris has been quiet so many years."

But to this, the thought in every one's mind, there seemed to be no answer. St. Alais sat down again, and for a moment the Assembly remained stunned by astonishment, prostrate under these new, these marvellous facts. No better comment on the discussions in which it had been engaged a few minutes before could have been found. Its members had been dreaming of their rights, their privileges, their exemptions; they awoke to find Paris in flames, the army in revolt, order and law in the utmost peril.

But St. Alais was not the man to be long wanting to his part, nor one to abdicate of his free will a leadership which vigor and audacity had secured for him. He sprang to his feet again, and in an impassioned harangue called upon the Assembly to remember the Fronde.

"As Paris was then, Paris is now!" he cried. "Fickle and seditious, to be won by no gifts, but always to be overcome by famine. Rest assured that the fat bourgeois will not long do without the white bread of Gonesse, nor the tippler without the white wine of Arbois! Cut these off, the mad will soon grow sane, and the traitor loyal. Their National Guards and their Badges, and their Mayors, and their General? Do you think that they will long avail against the forces of order, of loyalty, against the King, the nobility, the clergy—against France? No, messieurs, it is impossible," he continued, with warmth. "Paris would have deposed the great Henry and exiled Mazarin; but in the result it licked their shoes. It will be so again, only we must stand together, we must be firm. We must see that these disorders spread no farther. It is the King's to govern, and the people's to obey. It has been so, and it will be so to the end!"

His words were not many, but they were timely and vigorous, and they served to reassure the Assembly. All that large majority which in every gathering of men has no more imagination than serves to paint the future in the colors of the past found his arguments perfectly convincing; while the few who saw more clearly, and by the light of instinct, or cold reason, discerned that the state of France had no precedent in its history, felt nevertheless the infection of his confidence. A universal shout of applause greeted his last sentence, and amid tumultuous cries the concourse, which had remained on its feet, poured into the gangways and made for the door, a desire to see and hear what was going forward moving all to get out as quickly as possible, though it was not likely that more could be learned than was already known.

I shared this feeling myself, and forgetting in the excitement of the moment my part in the day's debate, pressed to the door with the rest. The Bastille fallen? The Governor killed? Paris in the hands of the mob? Such tidings were enough to set the brain in a whirl and breed forgetfulness of nearer matters. Others in the preoccupation of the moment seemed to be equally oblivious, and I forced my way out with the rest.

But at the door I happened by a little clumsiness to touch one of the Harincourts somewhat sharply. He turned his head, saw who it was had touched him, and tried to stop. The pressure was too great, however, and he was borne on in front of me, struggling and muttering something I could not hear. I guessed what it was, however, by the manner in which others abreast of him, and as helpless, turned their heads and sneered at me; and I was considering how I could best encounter what was to come when the sight which met our gaze, as we at last issued from the narrow passage and faced the market-place, two steps below us, drove their existence for a moment from my mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE INCOME TAX.

WHAT is the size of your income? Give us the figures, pray;
And don't you be modest about it, for shyness won't do to-day.
All you who've been ostentatious, and living beyond your means,
Go down to the tax-assessor and invite him behind the scenes.

Where is your cash invested? Open your coffers wide.
The Bogie-man of the Treasury is standing at your side.
He's noted your yacht and your horses; he's noticed the way you sup;
And he's going to be mighty careful how you foot your columns up.

He's been on the "roof" at the opera, and has envied you down in your box,
And he's always wanted a chance like this to whack at the man with stocks.
He's stood by the café window and watched you lunching within,
And he has a pretty good notion of the size of your pile of tin.

He's thought you were going it lively, were travelling much on your shape,
But now he is going to prove it, backed up by square miles of red tape;
And you who've been ostentatious must tell the whole truth to-day.
You've got to admit you're a fraud, sir, or you've got to step up and pay.

So tell us the size of your income; account for each little red cent.
This terrible cad, the collector, knows pretty well what you have spent;
And if you think to escape him by making it small you will fail,
And end, if you try to deceive him, in a small private box at the jail.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE FEATHER RIVER DAM.

THE entire eastern side of Butte County, in northern California, is formed by outrunning spurs from the western side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between which the different branches of the Feather River (North, Middle, and South, with their tributaries) debouch into the Sacramento Valley, after passing for the greater part of their course through a rich mineral country in which gold-bearing quartz veins as well as remains of ancient river channels are abundant. These spurs contain great quantities of timber suitable for mining, while the south and west parts of the county contain as rich farming land as can be found anywhere in the State, insuring unfailing supplies for the support of large bodies of miners. Railroads extend up to the county-seat, and good stage roads penetrate the foot-hills in different directions.

As a large part of the gold production of Butte County has been derived from the Feather River and its branches, which unite about ten miles north of Oroville, the county seat, more capital has been expended in this branch of mining of late than in the development of the drift or quartz mines.

An English company has constructed a dam on the main Feather River, just above the town of Oroville, for the purpose of working the auriferous gravel, and the results have already been most satisfactory to the shareholders. A vast amount of preliminary work has been required, comprising the building of ten miles of substantial roads; the providing of dwellings in three separate camps capable of accommodating from 150 to 300 men, besides the necessary workshops; also the building of a canal along the right bank of the Feather River forty feet wide and 6000 feet long, requiring the excavation of 50,000 cubic yards, to carry the river when turned out of its natural bed; the construction of a permanent head dam; the procuring of power, which was obtained by utilizing the old Miocene ditch, which required five miles of iron piping; also the erection of an electric plant to enable the work to be carried on at night as well as by day; and the connection of all the different points and the ditch stations with the head offices by telephone, requiring over forty miles of telephone wire.

In the construction of the canal a cemented rock wall was carried along the entire distance next the river, at a width of four feet at the top and twelve feet on the bottom, reaching in places a height of over twenty feet from bed-rock, containing over 10,000 cubic yards of masonry, in the construction of which 6000 barrels of cement were consumed.

Two suspension-bridges cross the canal, giving access to the work from the shore. One of the bridges is eighty feet long, and carries the pipe line which conveys the water-power from the Miocene ditch. A diminishing iron pipe is made use of, receding from thirty-two inches in diameter to twenty-two inches, constructed out of No. 14 and No. 12 iron. The company has the use of 1000 inches of water in return for repairing and keeping the ditch in order.

The permanent head dam extends from a rocky point at the foot of South Table Mountain to a high mass of rock near the middle of the river, and from there to the opposite shore. The first 120 feet next to the west bank is occupied by the fore bay of the canal and a side dam seventy feet long providing for the wasteway. The main dam is about 144 feet long, and consists of cribs of peeled pine poles from ten to twelve inches in diameter, spiked together with wrought-iron spikes (three tons were used in the construction), and filled with the heaviest rocks that the derricks could handle, quarried out of the river-banks, all surmounted by framed timbers eight by eight inches, and crowned with a shelter dam that can be raised or lowered. This latter provision is made to meet any unexpected rise in the river. It required 70,000 feet of round timbers and 6000 cubic yards of rock in the construction, and has a height of fifty-two feet. The water-slope is doubly planked with two-inch boards. The up-stream slope is boarded and made tight by sluicing in sand, earth, and gravel from the banks. The dam is provided with a water cushion, and everything done for the security of the work that knowledge and experience could suggest.

To prevent damage to the head of the canal by the waters coming down Morris Ravine in the spring of the year, it became necessary to wing-dam the mouth of that gulch. A subflume is built along the east bank, discharging over the end dam.

Two hydraulic elevators are used, which are supplied with power from a reservoir in the adjoining hills, whose lifting power with 1000 inches of water under a head of 480 feet amounts to 540,000 gallons an hour, discharging into the subflume. Two hundred cubic yards are raised by the larger elevator per hour, on a slope of forty-two degrees, to a height of fifty-five feet. The elevator is twenty inches in diameter, with a four-and-a-half-inch nozzle.

The gold found in this part of the river during the preparatory work along the rim is fine and thin, somewhat like cucumber seed, and sells for $18 50 per ounce.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES IN ORDER.

THE current season of opera at the New Metropolitan from the stand-point of execution is so admirable that one is disposed to excuse any shortcomings. With Mesdames Melba, Eames, Nordica, Mantelli, Scalchi, and now Miss Sanderson, and with the Messrs. Tamagno, de Reszké, Maurel, Plançon, Campanari, and the lesser stellar support —as well as the present conducting and band—with these even the insipidity of *Martha* or *Lucia*, the staleness of the too luscious *Faust*, the dramatic crudeness of a *Trovatore*, become delights instead of afflictions. But one may well remind the management of the Opera-house that the fact that their season is in Italian and French now should not mean overmuch drawing on a too familiar if not (under such conditions) unwelcome repertory. That practice has been from the beginning a trait of Messrs Abbey and Grau's purveyance of our opera. They are not alone in it, but they should change it. Royalties, scores, scenes, and costumes for new operas cost. But we want them. We need them. We have a right to have them.

The phrase of the annual prospectuses, to the effect that "the works to be presented will be chosen from the following list," is one with which the New York public are not pleased. They have come to feel that it means the avoidance of the very works that will interest us most and freshen the weeks of repetition.

Within a few years, suddenly, operatic creativeness has nearly ceased to be of promise or performance in Germany. In fact, Germany seems, musically, in an alarming state of desiccation. Or, let us say, it is anæmic, having given to Italy and France that dramatic life-blood which has brought up to vigor a new school of splendid vitality. But no longer can impresarios shrug their shoulders and say that there are no new and attractive and forcible Italian operas. Out of old Italy the star of musical promise once more rises. Smareglia, Puccini, Ponchielli, dead before duly honored, Leoncavallo, and the meteoric Mascagni, and several others, fusing in their scores neo-Italianism and Teutonism of art—these and others are nobly in evidence. It is high time that Messrs. Abbey and Grau, instead of wasting their time and ours with such milk-and-water novelties as Mr. Herman Bemberg's *Elaine*, made it their business to include in their performances *each* season the two or three novelties of European talk and success.

Why do they not give New York the chance to hear Puccini's *Edgardo*, and the same eminent Italian composer's *Manon Lescaut*, which half the continent discusses? Where is Smareglia's curious *Cornelius Schut*, the unqualified Italian and German success abroad of 1894? or a revival of his *Vassal of Szigeth*, badly served here in German aforetime? Or, turning to France, why do we not hear Bruneau's *Le Rêve*, or *Attaque du Moulin;* or—since Reyer is practically unknown here—his *Salammbô*, or *Patrie*, or *Sigurd;* or Chabrier's *Gwendoline?* We wait for that last notable score, the composer's swan-song. Frederic Smetana's charming *The Bartered Bride* is sung in Europe in Italian as well as German or Bohemian; and a single amateurish performance last year by local Bohemian musical clubs represents its New York hearing. As to Germany, Humperdinck's *Hansel und Gretel*—an exception to the insignificance of Germany's operatic productivity—and Hummel's one-act work *Mara* are already supplied with Italian texts. In the department of the *ballet d'action*, now so much a feature of the seasons abroad, the New Metropolitan, under its present management, offers even less than the economical and clumsy efforts of the German years.

We observe in the prospectus for the year that *Esclarmonde*, *Thais*, *Falstaff*, and *Samson et Delila* are particularized. We shall be glad of their forth coming, *faute de mieux*. But of them Verdi's *Falstaff* is the single opera that really is a novelty which it is worth while to add to the repertory. And, moreover, *Falstaff* is a work of the delicacy and dimensions suited to a small auditorium. We fear it will fare ill in our huge theatre. Still—Mr. Abbey, Mr. Grau, let us have it, and soon, by all means.

At present New York is, operatically, equal to any European centre, so far as concerns the way in which its season is sung. In what that season offers, it is at the mercy of its impresarios. We hope that their intelligence, generosity, and success will urge them to let alone the stale or trivial in French or Italian art, and to give us the best of the old, and some part, at least, of the best of the new, so long as they are the New Metropolitan's farmers-general, and so cordially supported as such.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON'S "PORTRAITS IN PLASTER."

"EVERY man his own Mrs. Jarley," seems to be the motto which has inspired Mr. Laurence Hutton in the making of his latest book. With infinite patience and labor and persistence Mr. Hutton has succeeded in gathering for his own private delectation a unique collection of death-masks—grewsome trophies of battle, murder, and sudden death. His collection is the largest in the world in private hands. It is the most varied and the most startling. With Mr. Hutton no other collector of the curios of dead and gone mankind can compete, because no other collection of the bric-à-brac of humanity is nearly as complete or as interesting as his. Nor has any other collection a cicerone so courteous in showing visitors into his Chamber of Horrors, or so competent to explain the strange sights to be seen therein. A liking for death-masks is probably an acquired taste for some of us; but to those of us who have it Mr. Hutton's *Portraits in Plaster* is a welcome volume. In Lincoln's immortal phrase, "If you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you will like."

The book could not easily be bettered, for it is well planned, well written, well printed, well illustrated, and well bound. Mr. Hutton is not only a connoisseur in the relics of mortality, but he is a skilful man of letters also, knowing what to set down in black and white and what to leave in the inkpot. His pages abound in fresh anecdote and in apt quotation and in characteristic biographic detail. Though his text pretends to be no more than the running commentary on the specimens exhibited—the lecture which fills the interval between the pictures the stereopticon throws on the white sheet—it is readable for its own sake. Mr. Hutton has handled a difficult, not to say a dangerous, subject with tact and discretion; and he has written a book about death-masks the pages of which can be perused with pleasure by those who take no interest whatever in any portrait in plaster of any man dead or alive.

And yet, of course, it is in the death masks themselves, threescore and ten of them, that the chief merit of the volume lies. Here is a portrait-gallery of a new kind, and here are new portraits of distinguished men, most of which have never before been engraved. The Samuel Johnson, for example, is worth its weight in gold to the extra-illustrator, for it is a portrait hitherto wholly unknown until Mr. Hutton found the mask lying neglected on the top of an old bookcase in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The Napoleon is taken from one of the only four bronze casts, one of the others being at the mint in Paris, and another at Madame Tussaud's in London, where, indeed, is the largest collection in the world of authentic Napoleonana. There is perhaps no need to note these things, for the extra-illustrator is ever swift to spot his prey, and he has already laid hands on this book, and he is inserting opposite these death masks portraits of the men as they lived—which is why the dealers in sporting prints have been surprised of late by the sudden demand for counterfeit presentments of Ben Caunt, the prize-fighter.

B. M.

REAR-ADMIRAL MEADE.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD WORSAM MEADE, whose flag is flying on board the United States steamship *New York*, the flag-ship of the North Atlantic squadron, will be shortly in command of the most important and powerful fleet of vessels that has been gathered together under our flag since the war of the rebellion. And since the rejuvenation of the American navy no squadron of evolution has had such an opportunity for experiment and instruction at sea as that which will be under his orders.

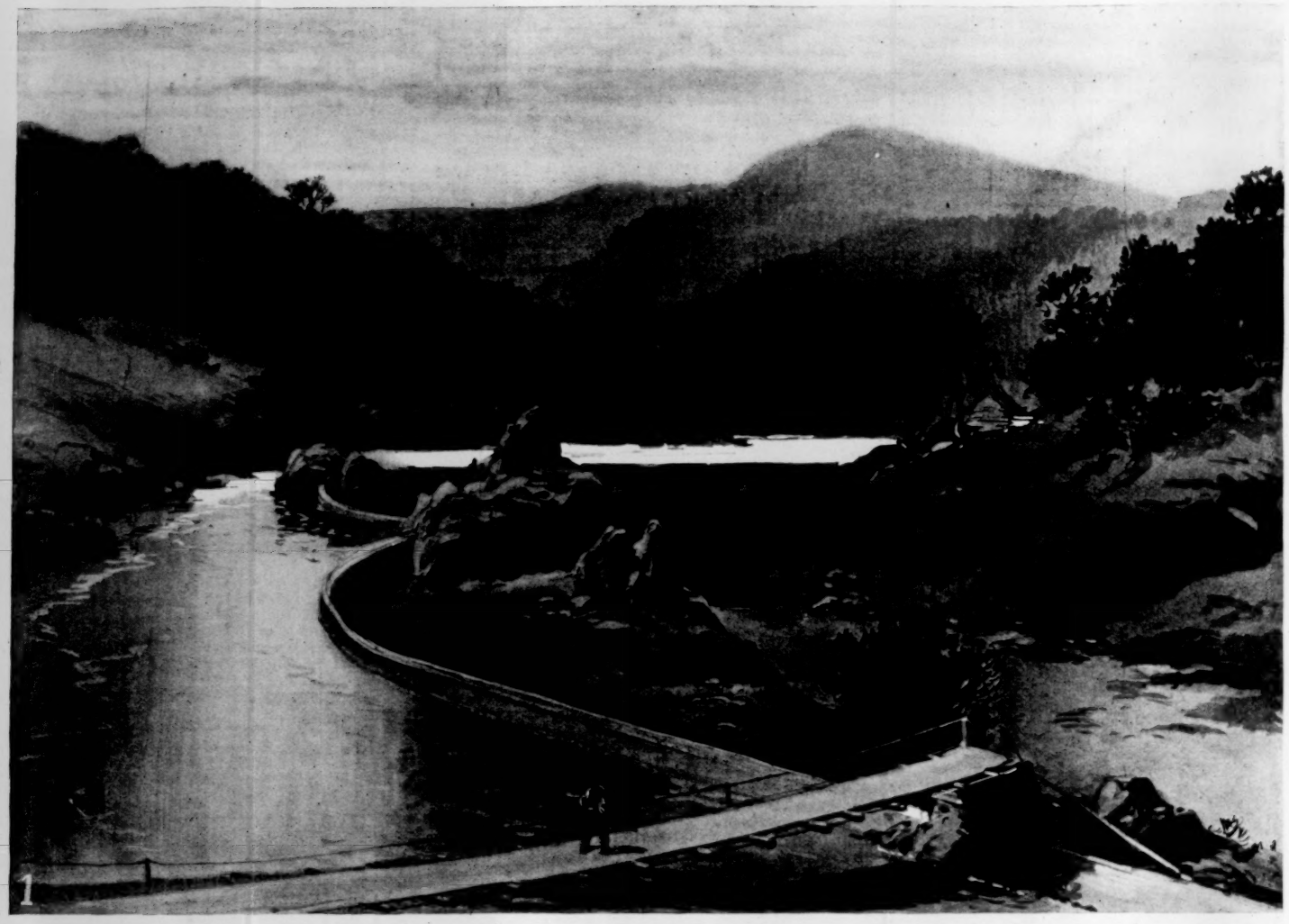
Unlike some of our late admirals, retired, the commander of the North Atlantic squadron has not hoisted his flag to be flown for a few short months (or hours, in some instances); he will be in active service for five years to come. So long ago as 1874 Admiral Meade saw clearly that to build up a navy radical changes had to be made in the methods of naval construction then in vogue. He bitterly opposed the conservative policy of rebuilding the old wooden vessels, or constructing new ones of a type soon to become obsolete, or at best practically useless for the requirements of modern warfare. But notwithstanding the naval development of the European nations and the lessons they had derived from watching the progress of our civil war, the powers at Washington then and for some years afterwards decried all tendency towards a new order of things, and Admiral Meade's frank utterances can only be regarded as a prophecy of what was to follow. He took the same stand later (during the administration of Secretary of the Navy Robeson), and in view of these facts and of his record in the service the results of the projected cruise of evolution must excite great public interest. Six, possibly seven, of the finest ships in the navy will be under his command, and some time during the current month the squadron will proceed to sea.

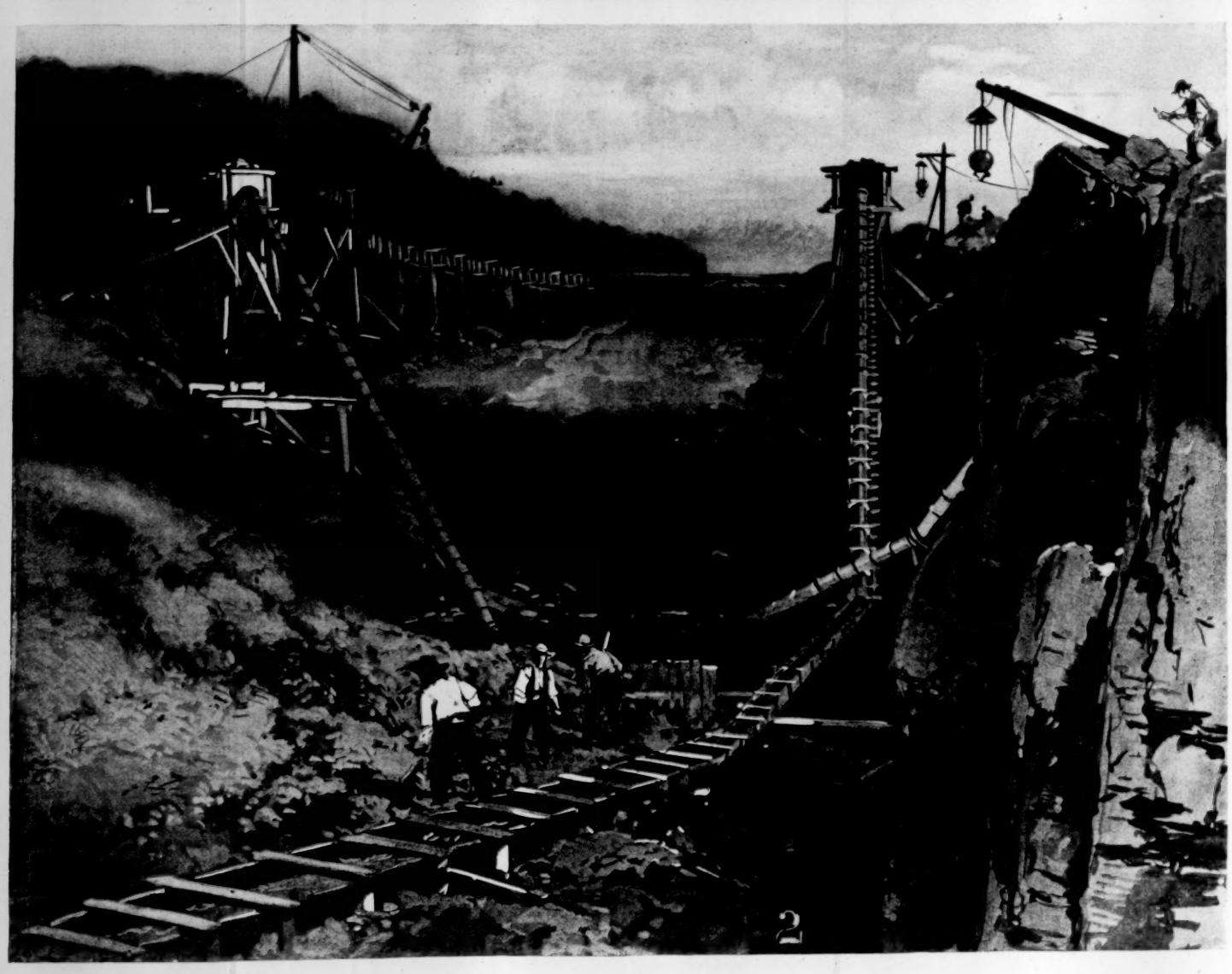
Richard Worsam Meade, 3d, comes of an ancestry that has been identified with the founding of the country and the furtherance of its prosperity as a nation. He was born in New York city on October 9, 1837, at the residence of his maternal grandfather, Judge Henry Meigs, and is the eldest son of the late Captain Richard Worsam Meade, 2d, of the United States Navy. He is also a nephew of the late General George Gordon Meade, who for two years commanded the army of the Potomac, and defeated the Confederate army under General Lee on the field of Gettysburg.

In October, 1850, at the age of thirteen, the present Admiral was appointed midshipman from the First District of California, and during his term at the Naval Academy he made his first practice cruise in the United States steamer *John Hancock* and the sloop of war *Preble*. Then, under Commodores Morgan and Stringham, he made cruises in the steam-frigate *San Jacinto* in the Mediterranean, being transferred in 1853 to the sloop of war *St. Louis*. He was a midshipman on board this brave little vessel when her commander cleared her decks for action in the harbor of Smyrna and demanded the surrender from an Austrian squadron of three sail the political refugee Martin Koszta, who claimed the protection of American citizenship. This affair has passed into history.

In 1856 Midshipman Meade was graduated fifth in a class originally fifty-three in number. After leaving the Academy he was ordered to the European squadron, and afterwards made a cruise among the West Indies in the steam-frigate *Merrimac*. At the age of nineteen he was appointed Acting Master and navigating officer, and ordered to the *Cumberland*, the flag-ship of Commodore Conover, who was in command of a squadron on the west coast of Africa. The young officer was promoted to be Master in January, 1858, and the same month received his commission as Lieutenant, being at the time but little over twenty years of age. Then in succession he served on board the United States ship *Dale*, the steam-frigate *Saranac*, of the Pacific squadron, and the sloop of war *Cyane*. On the outbreak of the civil war Lieutenant Meade applied at once for duty against the public enemy on the Atlantic coast.

Returning when yet ill of a fever contracted in a Mexican harbor, he was assigned to duty as instructor in gunnery to volunteer officers on board the United States receiving-ship *Ohio*, at Boston. During the three months that he held this position he had as members of his class of fifty Acting Master James R. Wheeler and Eben M. Stoddard. These were the men who commanded the 11-inch pivot-guns of the *Kearsarge* when she sank the *Alabama*. Active service followed in the second year of the war on the steam-sloop *Dacotah*, of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, as executive officer of the United States steamer *Conemaugh* for three months during the summer. He was commissioned a Lieutenant Commander in July of the same year. During this period he participated in several affairs with the Confederate batteries on the Vernon River. In the fall of 1862 Commander Meade was appointed to the command of the ironclad *Louisville*, of the Mississippi squadron (under Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, and afterwards under Rear-Admiral Porter), and was active in the events on the river between Memphis, Tennessee, and Helena, Arkansas. Highly commended in official despatches, he was invalided home late in the winter, and assumed the duties of an Inspector of Ordnance in the ports of New York and Boston. With health restored, he was ordered to the command of the steamer *United States*, and afterwards commanded the Naval Battalion in New York during the July riots. Appointed to the command of the steam-gunboat *Marblehead*, he was commended for gallantry in the affairs on the Stono River, and from that time to the close of the war he was actively in command, and served with bravery and distinction in the Gulf and along the Atlantic seaboard. Since the war Admiral Meade's sea service has been great. He made a cruise of 431 days at sea in the United States steamer *Narragansett*, covering nearly 60,000 miles, and a cruise of thirty-nine months as Captain of the *Vandalia*. His services at Annapolis and as Commandant of the Navy-Yard at Washington were of great importance to the rebuilding of the navy. During this latter period the steel plant and gun-foundry were begun and finished. The great brick ship *Illinois* at the Columbian Exposition was Admiral Meade's idea, and he is to be credited for its successful completion. On May 5, 1892, he was commissioned Commodore, and September 7, 1894, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, his commission being confirmed on the 19th of last month. Admiral Meade has been eighteen years actually at sea, and in command for twelve years of this period.





MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 55.]

1. Changing the Course of the Feather River in order to Mine for Gold in the original Bed. 2. Main Workings in the Bed of the Feather River.

A ROYAL FLUSH.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

FROST.

In delicate scrolls and filigrees,
And forms of strange fantastic grace,
The frost has vaguely striven to trace
Winter with barren fields and trees,
Winter with icy hills and seas,
Yet bearing message to our race
Of life that moves with virile pace,
Of strength that daunts the hour that flees.

Bare boughs, gray earth, cold skies—no things
That filled our summer with sweet bloom,
That stole bright colors from the loom
Of nature. Yet each season brings
Its consolations: midnight flings
Clear stars upon a screen of gloom;
While earth seems hastening to its doom,
Hope builds a way to jubilant springs.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

THE REVENGE OF LA-DO-NA.

A Tale of the Lost City of Quivera.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

THERE are peoples to whom the good God seems to have given little—only the fresh air and the blue skies, unceasing perfect sunshine, the earth to till freely, food and raiment if they but ask it from the soil and from the beasts that roam unhindered, peace, and boundless contentment. Not much, it is true; but there are some who have less.

Such were the people of Quivera. High above the level of the plain—so high the swallows paused in their upward flight and builded their nests far below the crown of the cliff; so high that dust clouds lifted by the swirling winds fell again ere they reached the uttermost top, and enveloped the rugged sides of the mountain with sliding, shimmering sheets of brown sand that now and again started into movement and rushed headlong back to the plain even as avalanches of snow hurl themselves down the steep declivities of the Alps, so high that they who dwelt there seemed to belong more to the empyrean, to that highest heaven of pure fire toward which they turned in worship at morning and at evening, than to the brown earth below—there the people of Quivera had builded their homes.

The cliff upon which they had builded was of sandstone. Red and yellow and gray were its colors; but when the sun touched it at the breaking and the close of day a thousand tints played over its surface and softened all the rugged outlines and made a harmony that charmed all the senses like chords of music; then the people at work in the fields about its base would pause in their labor and look upward, and say: "Behold, the Great Spirit is good! He smiles upon us, and the rays from his glorious face make beautiful our house."

It was a toilsome way up the cliff. For a portion of it the hand of Nature had carved great steps in the sandstone; but some of these were too great to be spanned by any man, and time had eroded others until there was no place for hand or foot to hold; and at the last, for three hundred feet before the top was reached, was only a smooth precipitous incline. But from base to summit the men of Quivera with rude implements had dug out niches in the stone—niches that would serve better for the claw of wild beast than for human hold—and being strong and agile, climbed easily by these up and down the face of the cliff. This ladder pleased them well, for it removed them further from the world, in which they wished to have no part.

Upon the very summit of the cliff was their home. A many-storied house, in itself a city, its walls reaching to the edge of the rock, built square and solid of stones, and of sun-baked bricks of mud that had been carried up from the plain. There were flat roofs, rising terrace above terrace, where the women pounded corn in their mortars, baked cakes of the meal, dressed the skins of beasts taken by the hunters, made rude utensils of clay, or sat all day long at their weaving. This was when there was not work to do in the fields. When the sowing and the harvest time came, then they went down the cliff with the men and took their places beside them.

Even from the top of the cliff nothing could be seen but the level of the brown earth and the sky above. Summer and winter, spring and autumn, always the same—always the unending sand. Except in two places. Far away to the north, when the sun was high, could be faintly distinguished a mountain-peak. It was silvery in color, and shone cold even at midsummer, because it was always covered with snow. What the snow was like the people of Quivera could not tell, because they had never seen any. None but old Te-jee. At night, when they sat upon the top of the cliff watching the stars, after the day had been spent in watering the fields below, Te-jee would tell them how the water came.

He was very old. His form was bent and his face wrinkled by the weight of years. But in his day he had been a very strong man, and filled with courage, and wiser than most of his people. So they listened to that which he said, and believed his words.

"A long time ago," he said, "when I was a lad, there came a day in the hot summer when no water ran in the acéquias. We found them dry in the morning when we went down to our work, and we waited all day, wondering at this strange thing. The crops withered under the burning sun, and we knew they would blast, and that hunger would come upon us and death draw near. This was what we thought of at the first. Then a worse danger came. Our throats became parched for drink. The thirst became torture, and we lay down and buried our faces in the sand and tried to suck moisture from the earth. So we waited until night came. Then the wise men held a council, and decided that some one must go to the mountain, from whence it had always been told the water came, and ask why it had ceased. They chose me, because I was swiftest of foot. And I was willing to go, because I saw that Mee-tee-na, whom I loved, was drooping from the thirst. It was a long way. I ran all the night, and at morning I stood at the foot of the mountain. This is what I found. The mountain was covered with a soft white blanket, softer and whiter than the fleeces of Mee-tee-na's goats. When the sun beat upon it this changed to water, and ran down the mountain until it came to a great basin that held it from going further. From the mouth of this basin, which was half-way up the slope, started this acéquia which brings the water to us. The acéquia had broken, and the water had run out and wasted about the foot of the mountain. I built it up again, and came home. And the water has always flowed since then. This I did for the woman I loved. Who among you would do as much?"

At the question a dozen of the young men sprang to their feet. Old Te-jee laughed. "You are ready enough with words," he said. "Wait until the time comes; then we will see." As his eye roamed about the group it rested upon one, La-do-na, who sat apart and silent. And the old man smiled as he saw that this one made no answer, for he loved La-do-na, and would not have had him boastful.

This mountain, then, was one of the two things that made oases in the desert. The other was the fields themselves that were watered from the white mountain. Mosaics of emerald these were, set into the brown bosom of the plain. In little squares grew crops of wheat and corn. Each square was bounded by a ditch or channel, in which the water was always flowing. When the sun made the ground dry these channels were opened, and the water poured over all the soil, giving it new life and making the harvest abundant. Sheep and goats roamed the further fields, and the women of Quivera spun wondrous fabrics from their fleeces, and tanned and dressed their skins into softest garments. So long as water ran and rock endured, peace and plenty seemed assured to the people of Quivera.

It was autumn, and the grain was ripe for the harvest. All the people of Quivera were in the fields at sunrise. The men bent their bare brown backs to the reaping; the women followed, gleaning and binding the grain. All the women of Quivera were there, excepting two only. These were In-a-du, the daughter of the head man of the city, and Yu-lee, grandchild of old Te-jee and of Mee-tee-na, his wife. These two remained upon the cliff, engaged in preparing the evening meal for the others when they should come up tired from the reaping.

In-a-du, the daughter of the head man, was desired in marriage by many of the young men of Quivera. She was fair to the eye, straight and tall, supple and graceful in her limbs, swift upon foot as a daughter of Diana. Her skin was hardly darker than that of our own women when tanned by the sun, and the blood coursed swiftly and clear beneath it, making a glow as if fire burned in her veins. Her hair and eyes were black as the wings of the rooks that builded under the dome of Quivera.

Though loved by many, In-a-du had eyes for but one, the young man La-do-na. He it was who led all the others at the reaping; he it was who rode best the untamed horses of the plain; he it was who was first in the race and in the dancing; he it was who could speed the arrow truer than any other; he it was who was foremost in the wrestling; he it was who was handsomest, strongest, and most envied of all the young men—envied not only because of his own powers, but because he was beloved by the loveliest women of the city, by the maidens In-a-du and Yu-lee.

What shall I say of Yu-lee? How make you know the gentle beauty, the modesty, the sweetness, of this pearl among women? La-do-na had looked upon them both; and though the physical perfection of In-a-du charmed him while his eyes rested upon her, it was Yu-lee who lingered in his thoughts while he lay beneath the stars at night, and while he toiled in the fields by day.

It was the hour of noon. While the harvesters rested a little from their task they ate the food they had brought to the field with them, and drank of the pure water the acéquia brought, limpid and cool, from the far white mountain, and commented, one with another, upon the promise of the harvest. While they rested, and while the sun shone brightly upon them, came a sudden noise cleaving the air like thunder. So sharp, so sudden, so unheralded was it that all sprang to their feet and looked up with awed faces into the sky to discover what the sound might be and whence it came.

There was no cloud upon all the shining, steel-blue, glittering apse. The piercing eye of the Sun-God—their God—whom they named the Great Spirit, looked down upon them unchanging. No wind blew. No movement was there in sky or on the earth, except the shimmering of little heat-waves that rose unceasingly from the hot plain.

And so they stood, with their faces set toward Quivera, while the answer came all too soon. Again was the air rent with an awful noise. Before it had died away, the great cliff seemed to part in twain. A mass of rock, so huge that it shut out half the sky, became detached from its upper wall and fell toward the watching group. It clove the air with a sound like the rushing of a mighty tempest. It fell down so close and so suddenly before them that all were thrown from their feet by the shock, and lay for a little time prostrate upon the ground, calling upon the Great Spirit in their fear.

The first among them to rise was La-do-na. As he stood up, his face was still toward the cliff and toward the city. At the sight that now met his eyes a great cry burst from him:

"Quivera is fallen! Quivera, the mighty, the ancient! Quivera, the city built upon a rock! Quivera is fallen!"

As the others heard this cry they broke forth in a huge lamentation. But La-do-na, lifting his eyes again, saw this: From the face and top of the cliff a mass of rock had separated and fallen to earth. It had brought with it only a little portion of the wall of the city. But the rock where it had parted showed now a sheer steep face, three hundred feet of perpendicular sandstone with scarcely a seam or crevice in it, man-defying, insurmountable. The steps that had led from Quivera to the world below, and from the world back to Quivera, were gone, and in their place remained only the smooth escarpment of the rock. And upon the summit of the cliff, unreachable, was the woman La-do-na loved.

La-do-na shook his fist toward the cliff and cursed the Great Spirit who had permitted this thing to be. But Te-jee, hearing him, arose and came and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My son, come and join us in the dance," he said; "we will propitiate the Great Spirit with offerings and with worship."

At this La-do-na shook his head moodily, and went and sat a long time at the base of the cliff, looking upward. After a little he cast off the garments which he had worn, all but the leather which bound him about the loins, and placed his foot upon the first step that led toward its summit. In one hand he held a tool of copper, hard enough to make impress upon the sandstone. Slowly and carefully he made his way upward. Many of the steps had been broken by the falling rock. Others had been covered by the treacherous sand. These made him pause until he could find a new pathway, or until he could cut niches in which to rest his hands and feet. The way was perilous, his progress a snail's pace. The people below paused in their dance and watched him.

One standing just at the base of the cliff, or upon the lower steps that led up its face, could not be seen by those above. In-a-du and Yu-lee had cast themselves upon the ground in fright when the rock fell. Yu-lee rose first, and crept to the face of the cliff and looked over. Then she came back to In-a-du, shuddering.

"The steps are gone," she said. "They cannot come to us, nor can we go down to them."

At this In-a-du broke into loud lamentation, and would not be comforted. The gentle Yu-lee endeavored to still her cries.

"Listen, my sister," she said. "The Great Spirit still shines in the sky. He has given us always food and clothing, air and sunshine, and this beautiful city in which to dwell. He will not desert us now."

But In-a-du only wept the more.

When the sun had gone low in the west, and tinted the cliff with all the wondrous changing colors, Yu-lee arose and began to prepare food for herself and In-a-du. The fire, that it was their purpose to keep always kindled, had gone out wholly, and it was a long task for her to rebuild it by twirling a sharp-pointed stick in a hollowed block. Her hands were sore when she finished, yet she made no complaint, but made a heap of hot ashes, and set about baking some meal cakes therein.

When this was done she went again toward the edge of the cliff and looked down. She could see the people gathered, all standing with their faces upturned, looking toward the cliff. At first she did not know what this meant. Suddenly it came upon her that some one was trying to reach them, to climb to the top of the cliff. Her heart leaped with joy at this promise of deliverance, and then stood still again as she thought how futile the effort must prove. Be his strength and courage what they might, no living man could scale that wall. She turned and cried out to In-a-du, and told her to come. And the daughter of the head man came, and saw what the other had learned, and said, calmly:

"It is La-do-na. I knew he would come to me."

At this Yu-lee gave her companion a long, questioning look, but she made no answer, and went on preparing their food. When it was done the two took some cakes in their hands and crouched down by the edge of the cliff, watching. The sun presently went down behind the western rim of the desert, and there was a brief twilight. Then the moon rose and made all light again with a silvery whiteness. Far below, the men and women of Quivera looked like Lilliputians, and their movements were grotesque. They regarded steadily the face of the cliff, and now and again the women could hear the dull murmur of their voices, seemingly lifted in encouragement.

The women laid themselves down upon the rock and stretched their faces far over it. So they remained well into the night. At last In-a-du gave a little cry of joy. She had descried, far down, the figure of a man ascending. Slowly he came toward them, moving cautiously, making certain of his hold, advancing only inch by inch, but still advancing.

Yu-lee made no sound, but watched. When she could fully make out who it was, her breath came more quickly, and she rose and brought fire and laid it at the edge of the rock and fanned it into flame, and placed some cakes beside it. In-a-du paid no attention to what the other did, but kept her eyes, glowing like the coals of fire that Yu-lee fanned, ever upon the man. While yet far below them he raised his eyes and saw their two faces peering toward him, and he shouted to them, but they could not hear his words. Once a piece of rock loosened above him and went crashing down perilously near. The women held their breaths until they saw the danger was past.

Then, while he still climbed, and while In-a-du lay watching, Yu-lee gathered some stout strands of bull's hide and began weaving a rope, which she let down over the edge of the cliff as fast as it was finished. But before he came where he could reach this he looked up again, and saw that he was so near that his voice could reach to the top; and then, with a smile of wonderful joy and tenderness overspreading his strong face, he cried out,

"Yu-lee, soul of La-do-na, I come!"

Now I would that the hand of him who wrote this passage in the story of the lost city of Quivera had palsied ere the words were told. But it is written, and cannot be undone.

Upon hearing the words that La-do-na uttered, In-a-du's face first went pale, as though all the blood had left her. Then black hate gathered itself there, and she rose up in all her splendid furious strength, and seized the gentle Yu-lee with both her hands, and flung her far out over the cliff into horrid space below.

From where he held himself against the rock, La-do-na saw. And he loosed his right hand and lifted it in an awful menace. "May the Great Spirit curse you!" he cried. "May the rock on which Quivera is built stand forever, and may In-a-du never die, but live ever there alone, tortured by hunger and thirst, and guarded by the murdered Yu-lee!"

Then he gave her one long look, so full of hate that the memory of it could never perish, and turned and began his careful descent to the plain.

This is the story of Quivera, the ancient, the mighty city that was built upon a rock, but that has now vanished from the sight of man. But they who know say that far in the midst of the desert, from the bosom of the brown plain, rises a vast rock that is crowned by a city. And they say there is but one soul within its walls, a miserable, undying woman, who is tortured by hunger and thirst. And they say, too, that the wraith of another is there, a woman who holds out ever, but just beyond reach, some meal cakes and a bowl of pure water. And so they stand, while Time goes on into Eternity.

THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

WHEN at a banquet a few days ago Mr. Clark Howell was introduced as "the man who invented the map which showed that anybody starting from any point in this hemisphere to go to any other point must pass through Atlanta," everybody said the laugh was on Mr. Howell. But that map, which appeared in the Atlanta *Constitution* during the early days of exposition talk, unquestionably had a good deal to do with shaping the scope of that which has become the Cotton States and International Exposition.

The South had no exhibit at Chicago—at least there was none from Georgia and from most of the Southern States. Perhaps the people of the Southern States did not realize what a magnificent thing the World's Fair was to be, and perhaps their negligence was due entirely to inability to make the necessary appropriations; but however that may be, it is certain that when the fair was over the progressive men of this section did realize that an opportunity had been lost. The leadership of Atlanta in the progressive movement throughout the South is universally recognized, and it was natural, therefore, that Atlanta should be the first to see the great benefits which could be obtained right at this time from proper display and advertisement of the resources of these States.

It was in this spirit that the exposition movement was started. The *Constitution's* famous map showed that a line drawn from the city of Boston to the city of Mexico was bisected by Atlanta; that a line from Chicago to Havana was bisected by Atlanta; that a line from Minneapolis in the Northwest to the island of Jamaica was bisected by Atlanta; and that Atlanta was the natural point for holding an exposition of the resources of the Southern States and of the other States of the Union, to be met here by the resources of the Central, South, and Latin-American States.

The central aim is an exhibit of the resources of the Southern States, such as will show to the outside world what these States possess, and also an exhibit of the wealth and resources of the countries south of us, in order that those countries may be brought in closer touch with our own, and that the commerce of those countries may be diverted from Europe to the ports of the United States, especially to the ports of the Southern States.

The exposition will be held at Atlanta from September 18th to December 31st of the present year. The buildings are to be located in what is known as Piedmont Park, a portion of which has been used heretofore for the local expositions and as a driving park. It is a beautiful tract of land covering about 190 acres, and the work which has already been done shows that it is admirably adapted to exposition purposes. The bird's-eye view of the grounds as they will appear when the buildings are completed and the exposition is in full blast presents a remarkably attractive appearance, and indicates that the results will bear out the claims of the exposition people, that this exposition will be, second only to the Chicago World's Fair, ahead of all others that have ever been held in this country.

The government of the United States has given to the exposition not only its stamp of approval, but has made an appropriation for a government building and government exhibit, which will be one of the most important features. The total floor area of this building will be about 50,000 square feet, exclusive of an annex, made possible by the fact that the contract for the construction of the building under the original plans was let for considerably less than the estimates.

The action of the national government in thus giving its official endorsement to the exposition and making a government exhibit has established the international character of the enterprise. The result is that the other nations which have been invited to send exhibits have taken hold of the matter very promptly, and the advices received from exposition headquarters indicate that practically all of the Central and South American States, as well as Mexico and Cuba, will be appropriately represented. While there has been no effort at all to secure exhibits from European nations, Italian interests have secured 10,000 feet of space, and Austrian interests 5000 feet, with indications of a desire on the part of other governments and peoples to be represented.

The Southern States seem, all of them, to be alive to the great opportunity which is presented by this exposition, and the Southern feature is as thoroughly assured as the international feature.

In some respects the exposition managers believe that they will be able to eclipse all former expositions. One of these is in the display of the progress of the negroes of the South. Not since their emancipation have the colored citizens of America had an opportunity to show what they have accomplished. A special building, to be designed by a colored architect, to be erected by colored workmen, and to be filled with specimens of the handiwork of the members of their race in all lines of life, will be one of the prominent features of the exposition. The leading men of that race throughout the South have this in their direct charge, and the enthusiasm with which they have entered upon their work, and the results already attained, show that in completeness this will exceed even the most sanguine expectations of its projectors.

The tobacco interests of the country claim that they have never had an opportunity to be properly presented at any of the former expositions; but now, co-operating with the exposition management, they propose to have a special tobacco building, in which will be shown all of

C. A. COLLIER,
President and Director-General of the International Cotton State Exposition, Atlanta, Georgia, 1895.

the phases of this great industry. The peculiar appropriateness of such an exhibit in a Southern exposition will of course be immediately recognized.

Then the Woman's Department will be, if the plans of those who are directing this branch of the work do not miscarry, the most complete exhibit of the practical work of women that has ever been made. The women who have this in charge are the most prominent in the South, and they believe that as a practical demonstration of the present and future possibilities of women's work, it will excel all other similar exhibits.

The consulting architect of the exposition company is Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, of New York. He has furnished the designs for ten of the buildings. Mr. Walter T. Downing, of Atlanta, furnishes the design of the Fine Arts Building; and Miss Elise Mercur, of Pittsburg, is the architect of the Woman's Building. In competition for this latter building there were designs from women architects from all parts of the country, these making in themselves an excellent exhibit of what woman is doing in one of the great professions heretofore given over entirely to man.

In addition to the Government Building, there have been contracted for: Manufactures and Liberal Arts, 216 by 370 feet; Machinery, 100 by 500 feet; Minerals and Forestry, 80 by 220 feet; Agriculture, 150 by 300 feet; Electricity, 91 by 250; Transportation, 126 by 420 feet; Women's Building, 110 by 220 feet; Fine Arts Building, 100 by 260 feet; Negro Building, 100 by 300 feet. The exact sizes of the Tobacco Building, of the Georgia State Building, and of the Administration Building have not yet been determined.

The leading idea in the architectural construction of the buildings is Romanesque, and they are designed with an idea of stability and simplicity of construction—not to be cheap imitations of World's Fair buildings, and not of flimsy construction with a lot of money spent on tawdry decorations. The Women's Building will be of Colonial design, and the Fine Arts Building of Italian Renaissance.

Of course there will be the usual amusement features. All of the best features of the Midway and of the Midwinter Fair will be shown, and there will also be many novel ones. This portion of the grounds has been given the name of "The Terraces," and the indications are that the exposition will be very strong in its amusement features.

There has already been spent in preparing the grounds more than $300,000, and $150,000 more will be expended by the exposition management in projected improvements to the grounds, irrespective of the buildings. The estimates of the finance committee of the company are that fully $2,000,000 will be expended before the gates are thrown open, this in addition to what will be expended by concessionaries. The management is in the hands of the best men of Atlanta. The president is Mr. C. A. Collier, a well-known banker and wealthy citizen, and he has as coworkers the most prominent business and professional men of the city.

Among these are such well-known Southerners as Messrs. H. A. Hemphill, H. H. Caboners, W. D. Grant, E. P. Howell, R. B. Bullock, E. P. Chamberlain, J. W. English, Clark Howell, S. M. Inman, H. T. Inman, R. J. Lowry, E. C. Peters, R. D. Spalding, W. H. Venable, Joseph Thompson, and Grant Wilkins.

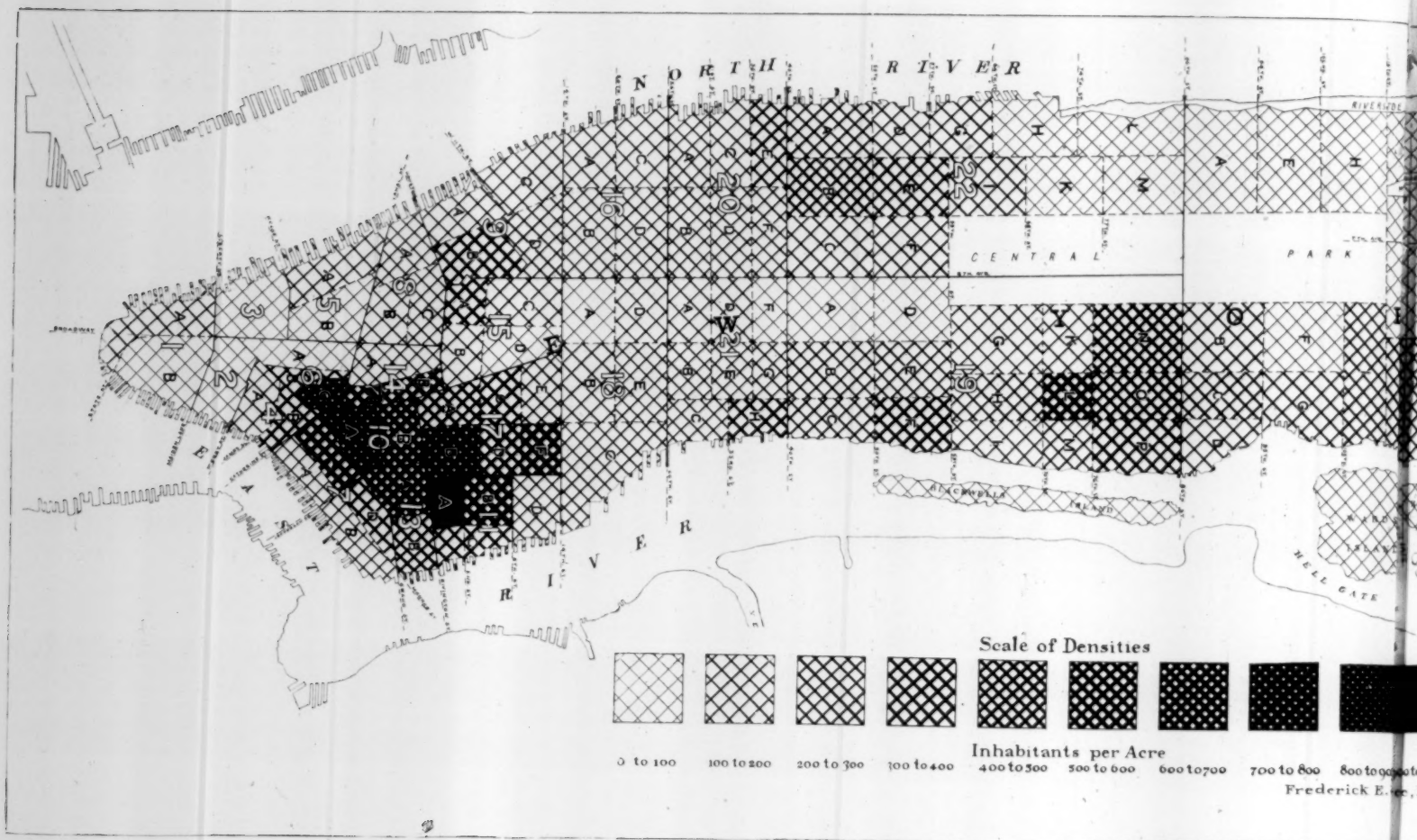
The chairmen of the principal committees are: Captain English, executive; Mr. S. M. Inman, finance; Mr. Clark Howell, legislation, and Mr. Grant Wilkins, buildings and grounds. Mr. Wilkins is in this capacity director of works. The organization of the Woman's Department is entirely separate. Its head is Mrs. Joseph Thompson. These are all names that mean much in the South.

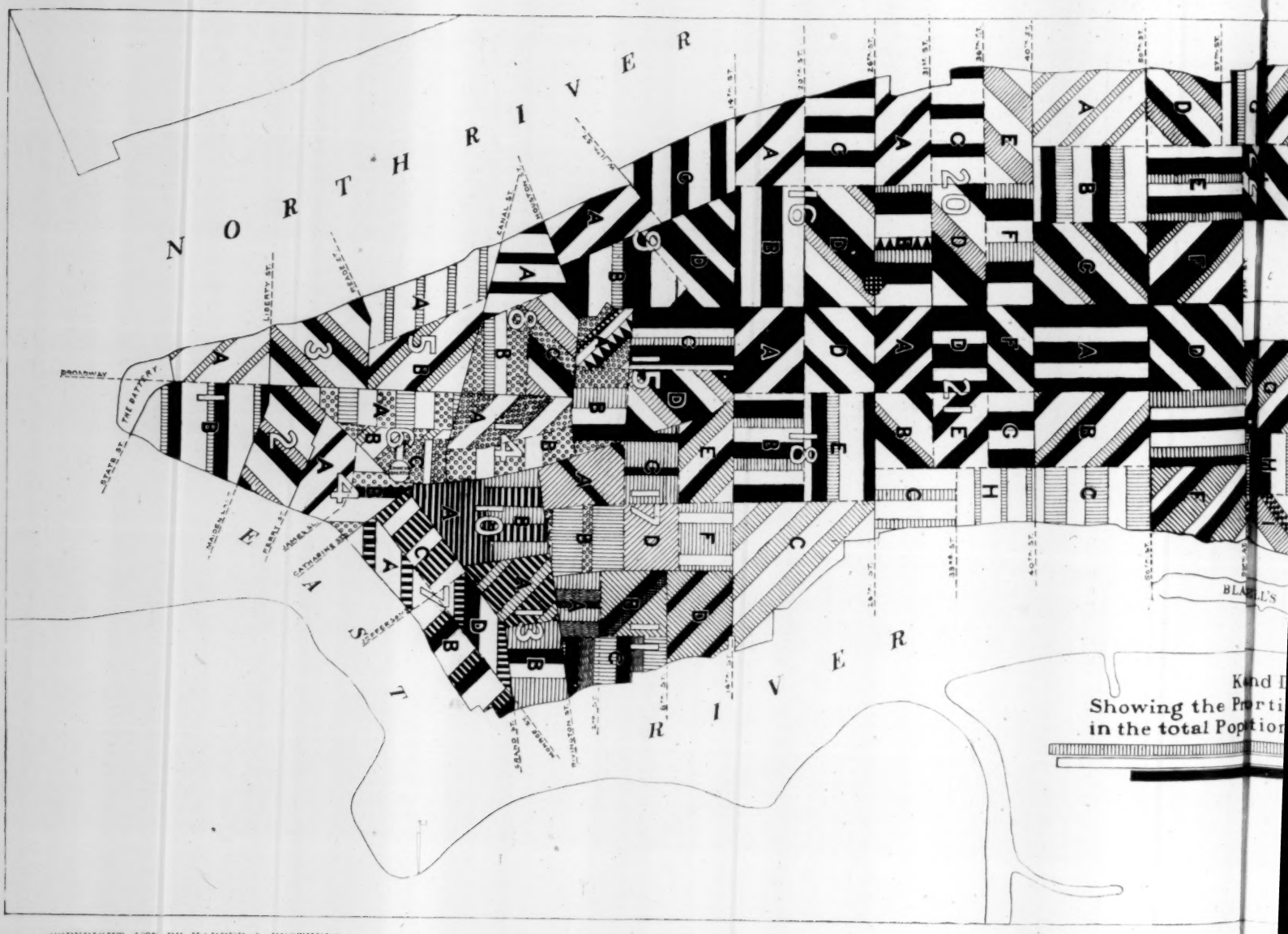
THE DESTITUTION IN NEBRASKA.

UNLESS the crop of 1895 is a remarkably bountiful one, a considerable share of the counties of western Nebraska will be nearly depopulated by next fall. As it is, two successive crop failures have sent thousands of families in search of more promising land and reduced thousands more to the verge of starvation. In twelve or fourteen of the southwestern counties utter destitution exists, and unless generous supplies of food and fuel are promptly sent and systematically distributed, the most squalid of deaths will be the fate of many. There are hundreds of houses where the provision supplies do not exceed, all told, a pound a head. Scurvy, from insufficient food and the lack of vegetables, has made its appearance in some quarters, and physicians predict an epidemic of the disease unless a food remedy is quickly supplied. While the grazing is good, and some money is made by a few persons caring for herds of horses sent there for the winter from the eastern part of the State, feed will be needed in the early spring in order to put horses intended for field-work into condition for that labor.

While a considerable number of cattle are to be found in this part of Nebraska, there is hardly one hoof in twenty which is not mortgaged, thereby preventing the putative owner from realizing either in money or in beef for his family's sustenance. The ownership of a considerable herd therefore does not argue an ability to keep starvation from the door. But the stock has largely gone out of the country. Every owner of cows or steers who could get away has moved out, and those who were not so fortunate have sold their cattle one by one during the summer at ruinous prices, or, worse yet, are not able to sell or kill on account of mortgages. This whole coun-

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.





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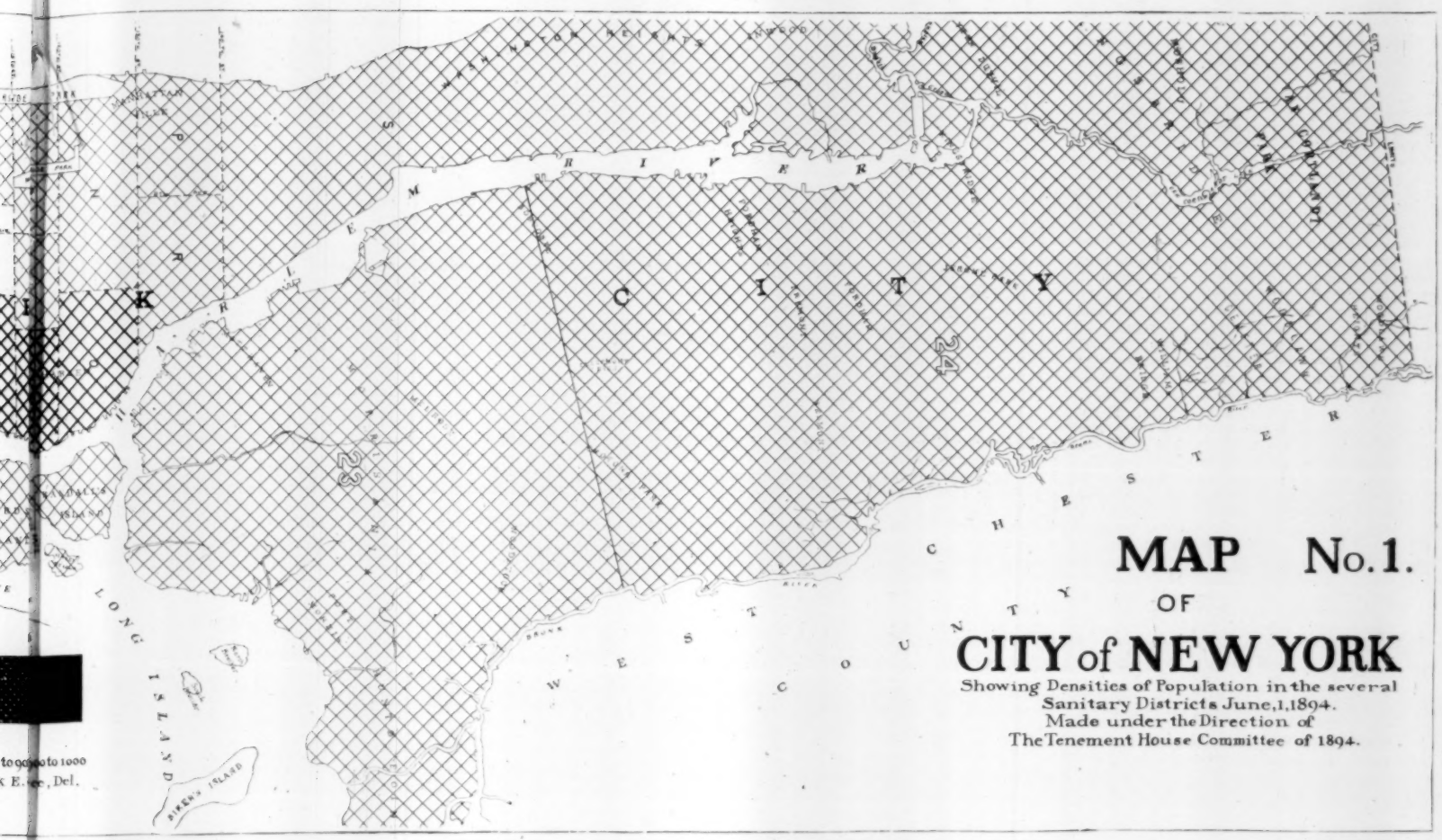
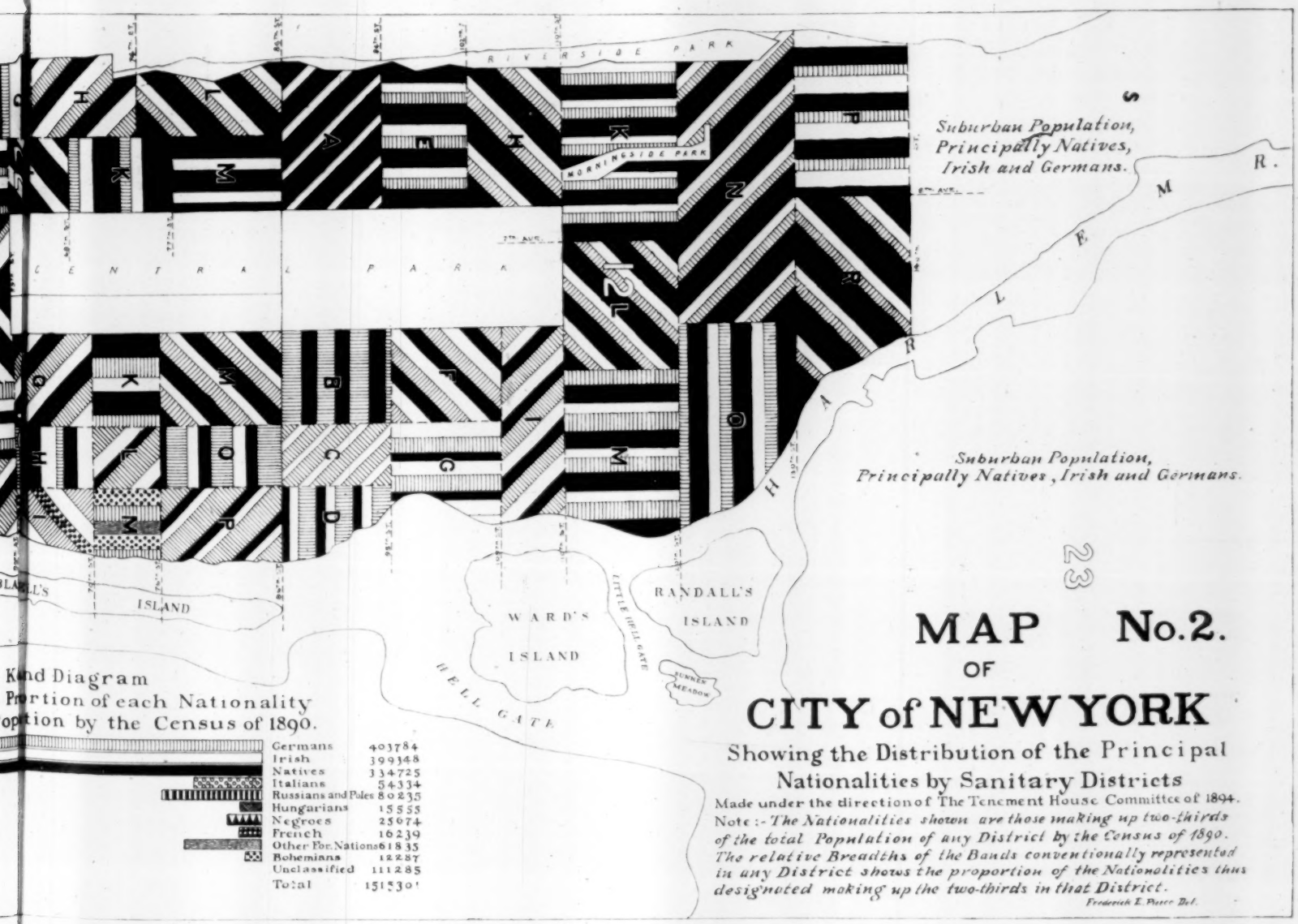


MAP No. 1.

OF

CITY of NEW YORK

Showing Densities of Population in the several Sanitary Districts June, 1, 1894.
Made under the Direction of
The Tenement House Committee of 1894.



Kind Diagram
Proportion of each Nationality
Proportion by the Census of 1890.

Germans	403784
Irish	399348
Natives	334725
Italians	54334
Russians and Poles	80235
Hungarians	15555
Negroes	25074
French	16239
Other For. Nations	61835
Bohemians	12287
Unclassified	111285
Total	1515301

MAP No. 2.

OF

CITY of NEW YORK

Showing the Distribution of the Principal Nationalities by Sanitary Districts

Made under the direction of The Tenement House Committee of 1894.

Note:- *The Nationalities shown are those making up two-thirds of the total Population of any District by the Census of 1890. The relative Breadths of the Bands conventionally represented in any District shows the proportion of the Nationalities thus designated making up the two-thirds in that District.*

Frederick E. Pierce Del.

try—plains, plateaus, and sand hills—was once and is yet a great grazing ground. Hundreds of thousands, yes, millions, of head of cattle gained flesh on this splendid grass, which covers the ground with a carpet, gray in summer and brown in winter. The great cattle companies, those gigantic stock combinations which we now hear of in Wyoming and Montana, once let their enormous herds roam over this section with little expense save herding. But the westward tide of farm immigration, enticed by the allurements of cheap land, soon drove the cattle to the west and north. The lands became more valuable for farm purposes than for grazing, and the herds finally fell back upon the Wyoming table-lands and foot-hills.

A great boom in Nebraska farm lands took place. Millions of dollars were invested by Eastern companies in the shape of loans made to the new men who took up this land and began breaking it up with the ploughshare. Some of it was magnificent land; better never was seen anywhere. There were few streams, to be sure, and whole counties without a tree or a shrub; but so long as rain fell and wells could be dug there seemed to be no need of streams, and as for trees, they could be planted. Many men took these acres up under the homestead law, but many others purchased outright, having sold property in Iowa, Illinois, and other States to the east. Men who held 80 or 160 acres in Illinois were dazzled with the discovery that by selling out they could purchase 320, or even 640, acres in western Nebraska for the price of their old land, and have enough money to move out with besides. Many and many were the instances where this was done. The temptation was alluring. The crops raised in Nebraska have been enormous. Corn often ran 100 bushels to the acre, and the work was done with infinitely less trouble and expense. Some of the farms of eastern and central Nebraska are among the richest in the world. Then, too, there was a fascination about the largeness and freedom of the West. Many veterans of the war moved there. They associated together, as did farmers coming from adjacent localities of the same State. Some of these people, be it said with shame, were swindled by agents into purchasing utterly worthless land, and they revenged themselves, especially during the flush days, by borrowing large sums of money through commission-hunting agents of Eastern loan companies. But the majority bought with their eyes open, and were quite satisfied with their bargains. Crops grew readily, and were abundant. Towns were formed, and railway companies built here and there, opening up new territory.

The summers were quite hot, and the winters sometimes very cold, but it was mainly through the thermometer that this was known. The dryness of the atmosphere and the altitude (from 1500 to 4000 feet) tempered the extremes of all seasons. It was extremely healthy, and the people seemed upon the road to prosperity. But gradually the climate, so far as rainfall is concerned, has changed, becoming drier every summer. Copious rains may fall in the planting season or in the fall, but when the growing season comes there is nothing to temper the heat or to refresh the crops in stalk. And the wind—it bloweth every day—and such a wind! Resistless, never-ceasing, dry and penetrating, hot as from the bowels of a volcano, a veritable furnace's breath, it sweeps these heights, these stretches of prairie and table-land, with the mercury at 90° and sometimes 100° Fahrenheit, for days at a time. A farmer in June may have two hundred acres of the finest corn that ever promised a crop—corn such as even Illinois cannot equal. He may go to bed in sight of this moving sea of green, and the next night may look out upon the total ruin of his fortune, so deadly to all vegetable life is the breath of this sirocco.

Such was his fate in 1890, when the crop was a complete failure, and thousands of people were reduced to beggary, and forced to accept charity or to emigrate. In 1891 one of the greatest corn crops ever raised anywhere in the world was taken from these very lands. Then back came the emigrants pell-mell to their old farms. Money was borrowed at any rate of interest on anything which would be acceptable as security—lands, horses, cattle, or household goods. In many cases a blanket mortgage covered everything on the place. The expectation of a heavy crop led men to break in 200, 400, 600 acres, requiring enormous quantities of seed and much additional hired labor and purchased machinery. The crop of 1892 was a poor one. Those of 1893 and 1894 were practically total failures. These particular counties are now being spoken of, remember. The eastern and central portions of the State fared not so poorly.

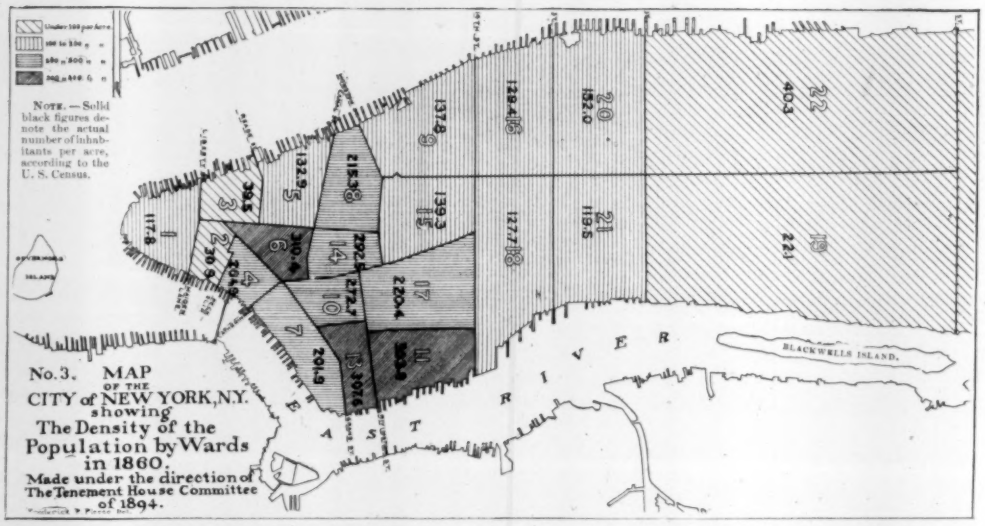
Since the middle of July, 1894, these farmers have been facing the most terrible situation human beings can be called by fate to look at. Again emigration started up. Prairie-schooners filled with farmers' families have made trails in all directions since then. Deserted sod houses line every road. You can drive in some parts for half a day and not see more than three or four inhabited dwellings. In many cases agricultural implements stand in the furrows just where they were left last summer. Often the houses are dismantled, but in many instances they are just as their owners left them.

But thousands still remain, either from inability to get away, or through a hope that in some way or other they may be enabled to exist through the winter and to put in the next year's crop. The Legislature will doubtless either advance money or loan it without interest for seed, but the maintenance of this population from now until next fall largely depends upon charity. In some few cases counties have small amounts of money at their disposal, by which the bare necessities of life may be obtained, but in the majority of cases fuel, food, and clothes are at this moment an urgent necessity for more than half the population.

Generous donations of these things have been made, but more must soon be forth-coming. The farmers are for the most part American-born, with a plentiful sprinkling in some parts of foreigners. They are, as a rule, very industrious, thrifty, and intelligent. They are enthusiastic supporters of the public-school system, and the school attendance is consequently large.

The writer has just returned from a personal investigation of the agricultural situation in the counties of Lincoln, Keith, Logan, Deuel, Cheyenne, Kimball, Perkins, Chase, Hayes, Dundy, Hitchcock, Frontier, and Gosper, and the foregoing will apply, with some mitigating exceptions, to all those counties. Where streams with a sufficient volume of water exist, they have been tapped to a certain extent by irrigating ditches, but a lack of capital and of proper laws governing water rights has kept the farmers from going extensively into this method of farming. Where it is practised, however, the results have been gratifying, but the profits will be largely reduced by the increased rental for land and by the high charges for water. Here and there, where the underflow is not too far distant, will be found a prudent farmer who has provided himself with a goodly stock of vegetables on a patch irrigated by a windmill pump, but he is an exception. Windmills are plentiful, but they usually are used only to draw water for stock. There are, so engineers say, large and inexhaustible supplies of sheet water underneath all this region. Some land is too high for this to be reached with profit, but hundreds of thousands of acres could be irrigated and certain crops assured if machinery not too expensive could be wedded to wells of sufficient flow. Such land as could not be reached by water in this fashion, or by ditches tapping streams, would still be valuable grazing-land, as it is to-day. If the general government or private capital can successfully solve the irrigation problem, this section will contain as valuable land as any portion of the country. Many farmers argue that the Federal government owes it to those who have settled upon its land to help them make it profitable quite as much as it does to seaboard towns to make their harbors accessible to the world's ships.

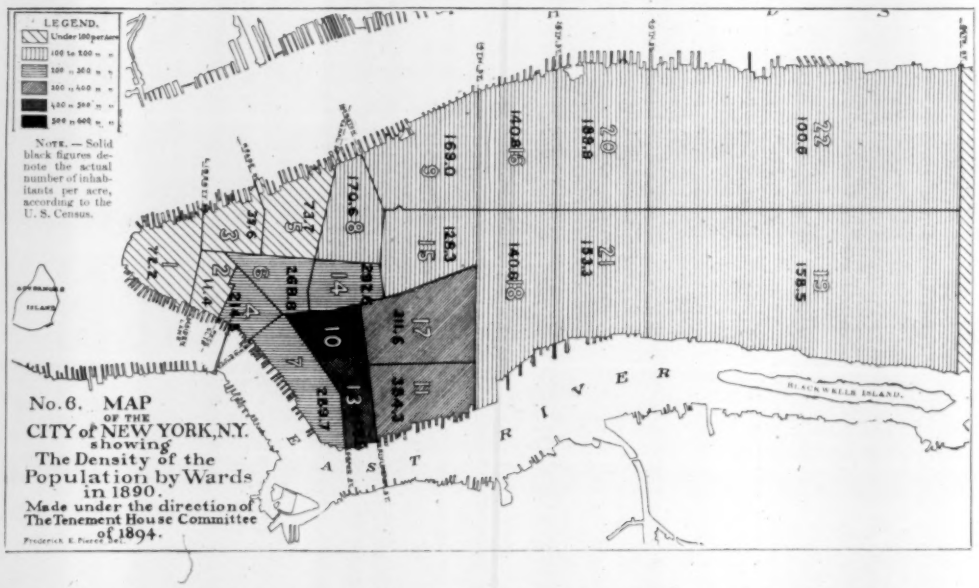
But in the mean while help must be given these people. Nebraska is going to do her share, of course, but that noble State is sorely stricken in all her parts, and other sections which so often have felt her bounty in times of distress will do well gracefully to yield her succor.


Note.—Solid black figures denote the actual number of inhabitants per acre, according to the U. S. Census.
No. 3. MAP OF THE CITY of NEW YORK, N.Y. showing The Density of the Population by Wards in 1860.
Made under the direction of The Tenement House Committee of 1894.
BLACKWELLS ISLAND.
EAST RIVER

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMITTEE MAPS.

THE DENSITY MAPS.

In order to show at a glance certain facts relating to the population of New York city, the committee had prepared the density and nationality maps here reproduced. The bases of these are the United States census reports. The latter give the population and area in acres of the wards, whence the density of the population is easily calculated. An appropriate scale of shading corresponding to the rising densities being selected, the spaces on a map of the city showing wards were shaded accordingly. Maps Nos. 3 and 6* show the density of the population in the different wards in 1860 and 1890 respectively. Map No. 3, for 1860, is the first, because previous to that date the ward boundaries were different, and a comparison of the density maps made for those times with the ones for later periods would be misleading. And then the 1860 map probably contains the same features that would appear on any map antedating it. By 1890 other features appear. The large density in the Tenth Ward is very apparent. It is, with one exception, the greatest in the world, and the area over which it extends is nearly fivefold that of the one next below it—a district in Prague. The greatest density in the world is in Sanitary District A of the Eleventh Ward in New York city. On July 1st of last year it was estimated to be 986, about twice that of the Prague district in 1893. It can be located on Map No. 1, which gives the density of the population by sanitary districts as it was estimated to be on June 1, 1894. The sanitary districts were laid out by the census of 1890. The estimated total population of 1,957,452 it is thought may be large, owing to the decrease in immigration and large emigration recently. The map shows correctly the points of congestion in the city, and more specifically than the small ones. The darkly shaded portions are districts which to New York of a century ago were suburban settlements; now, it seems almost needless to say, they are about coincident with the tenement-house districts.


LEGEND.
Note.—Solid black figures denote the actual number of inhabitants per acre, according to the U. S. Census.
No. 6. MAP OF THE CITY of NEW YORK, N.Y. showing The Density of the Population by Wards in 1890.
Made under the direction of The Tenement House Committee of 1894.
BLACKWELLS ISLAND.
EAST RIVER

THE NATIONALITY MAP No. 2.

The census of 1890 obtained the nationality of the residents of each sanitary district by descent from the mother. The table in which this appears was made the basis of the nationality map. As a basis it will appear fair enough when it is considered that at the time of the census over seventy-six per cent. of the white population in the city had foreign-born mothers, and over forty per cent. were foreign-born themselves. So the latter certainly, and probably a majority of the thirty-six per cent. of native-born of foreign mothers, would show the traits of their maternal nationality. All the nationalities given in the table are not plotted. The Scotch, English, Welsh, Scandinavian, and Canadians have not collected in colonies, but are scattered over the city. These, being in small numbers, and perhaps less foreign than the others, were disregarded. They appear in the unclassified in the diagram at the foot of the map. Of the nationalities represented only those making up two-thirds of the population of any district have been plotted. This rule was adopted to bring out in clearer contrast those that do exist to a greater extent. The nationalities are represented by bands conventionally marked. The breadth of a band in any district bears the same relation to the sum of the breadths of the different bands in that district as the number of the nationality it represents bears to the two-thirds of the population in that district. Sanitary district S of the Twelfth Ward and the Twenty-third Ward are not touched. These were left blank because the method of representing nationalities gives an erroneous idea in regard to the density of population. These thinly populated districts where natives preponderate slightly would appear as native settlements. These, of course, they are, but not like other parts of the city, for they are suburban. The nationality and density maps should be viewed together. Thus the coincidence of the crowded districts with the German colonies explains the preponderance of that nationality.

In the original map the nationalities were represented by colors. This adaptation of it for reproduction in black and white, made expressly for HARPER'S WEEKLY, is almost as effective and quite as illustrative as the original.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

* Maps Nos. 4 and 5, showing the relative densities in the years 1870 and 1880 respectively, are not reproduced.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN RIOTS IN CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHEN I came to the end of my last paper I was about to say that nothing in a Chinese city is so strange to us Westerners as the public and private gardens, the singsong performances in the tea-houses, and the impressive multitudes in blue. The gardens are always very strange, and are sometimes very beautiful. Though they are not large, they are so cut up by artificial mounds of rock, by ponds and pavilions, by walls and by covered walks, that no true idea of their size can be gained while one is in them. The arabesque carvings in the walls of the little open pavilions, the queer grotesque rock-work, the shafts of petrified wood, the lotos thickets in the ponds, the fanciful doors and panels and open-work windows—these and many other features of these idling-places compose an attraction more beautiful than any of the handiworks of man that I saw in Japan. The singsong performances by the elaborately made-up girls who go to the tea-houses to sing are almost unendurable, until the foreign barbarian becomes used to the din of the musicians and begins to understand the music that is sung.

But it is of the awe-inspiring multitudes in blue cotton that I wish to write here, especially of the dangers they offer to the white men in China. Nowhere did they threaten or annoy me, but my mind was full of the fact that all over China there was an uneasy feeling among the missionaries. It led to the congregation of numbers of them in Tien-tsin, Shanghai, and other ports, and it spread to America, and even now keeps many at home who had expected to be in China. I had this in mind, and, but that I am used to adventure, I might also have remembered how often I was told to prepare for trouble, even when I seemed most secure and at ease. We are so strange to the Chinese that we often unconsciously give offence and innocently bring on danger. It is, for instance, the privilege of old women to curse and annoy a white man, and he is wise if he pays no heed to them. To touch the woman, even if only by struggling to escape from her, may anger the on-lookers. In the country there is almost no danger at all. In the cities good-humor is the best safeguard, and to turn the laugh against a tormentor is to disarm the mob. To fight back is worse than foolish. The Chinese will not submit to blows, and they retaliate with a species of brutality not here to be described.

Since even travellers must consider danger, we can fancy the state of the missionaries, forming little handfuls in cities as big as almost any in the world. I never ceased to marvel at the missionaries' pluck. They live well, with many servants, in ample quarters, but all around them surge hostile millions. In time of peace they are mistrusted and disliked. In time of war the hostility is increased.

I am going to tell about the principal riots and outrages of the year 1894, in order that we may understand the uneasiness among the missionaries—what kind of dread impressed their minds. In the best part of China, its garden region, I heard of only one outrage. That occurred in March, in Hoo-chou, in Che-kiang province. That city fought off the missionaries, until two Americans, Baptists, with their families, boldly settled there. But in March, during the spring festival, when the pagan influence was at its height, the people mobbed the houses of these plucky "foreign devils," terrified the white women and children, and would have done tenfold worse had not the missionaries been of Anglo-Saxon stock. As it was, these missionaries pluckily faced the riot and survived it. I believe that in this case the ringleaders were punished, and the damage was paid for by the officials. The murder of a Scotch Presbyterian missionary named Wylie excited the Europeans in China as much as any event since the beginning of the war. Mr. Wylie's mission was at Liaoyang, northeast of Peking, on the main route to Korea. There he maintained a chapel, and, near by, a dwelling, surrounded by an enclosing wall. Some 250 Manchoo soldiers from Kirin, on the way to the seat of war, reached Liaoyang on August 28th. These same soldiers, ruffians under the command of a scoundrel named Yi, had just demolished a chapel sixty miles north of Moukden. When they reached Mr. Wylie's chapel they broke into it and gutted and wrecked it. Mr. Wylie, who was at home, heard the news, and sent a messenger for help, despatching him over an unwatched side of the wall. The message miscarried, and he, growing nervous, himself set out to demand protection. He was accompanied by a native assistant, who proved as loyal as many and many a Chinaman is to the white employers in that country.

The soldiers saw him, and set upon him with knives and with the legs of the pews of his chapel. His assistant fought bravely, but Mr. Wylie was battered out of all resemblance to his former self. He died shortly afterward. On the next day the *Chehshien*, or local magistrate, went to Major Yi's camp to demand the surrender of the soldiers who had done the mischief. The major set some hounds upon the judge, and his soldiers attacked the judge's body-guard, and put it and the judge to flight. The city was then in the hands of the soldier rabble, and the merchants put up their shutters in a panic. A travelling telegraph clerk happened along and was roughly handled. He "tapped" a wire and sent word to the governor of the province. A day or two later messengers brought word that the governor demanded the surrender of the soldiers, and that Major Yi had forfeited his button and his rank, and would lose his life if Mr. Wylie died. Yi, however, had pushed on toward Korea. In this case again the officials acted heartily and promptly, and gave assurance that full reparation should be made. A missionary named Douglas, in the same city, went out unarmed, and faced the soldiers and drove them away.

The troubles of the Catholics in Shen si province were outrageous, and yet the behavior of the sturdy priests gave them a semi-humorous character. It was in Shankientze, in that province, that the officials took the land of a Christian convert upon which to erect a pagoda. The injured Chinaman was induced to bring a lawsuit to recover his property, and this generated anger and led to an attempt to burn the Catholic mission church. Father Gabriel, a French priest, and Father Hugh, Pro-Vicar Apostolic for the district, appealed to the local magistrate for an inquiry into the attempt to destroy the church. When Father Gabriel entered the door of the judge's *yamen*, or court, he was attacked by the attendants; and Father Hugh, going to his rescue, was caught by his pigtail and beaten and hustled about. A great many white missionaries in China—especially the Catholics—wear their hair in queues and dress as the Chinese do. Father Gabriel ran into instead of out of the *yamen*, and being further attacked, caught hold of the judge's table (like the bench in one of our courts), and it was pulled about with him. This gave the Chinese a chance to accuse the priests of "breaking open the provincial coffers and spilling the public money." The priests had 200 or 300 Chinamen beating them and pulling their hair, and finally they were hauled to the prison and left there, outside the cells. Then the officials became frightened, and sent men to tempt the clergymen to go away. But, like St. Paul, they said: "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? nay verily; but let them come themselves and fetch us out." They went farther, for they refused to go until the magistrate gave them a written and sealed certificate acknowledging that they had been put in prison and otherwise ill-treated. They staid there nearly a fortnight, if not longer. The Chinese, finding that they would not leave the prison, tried to get the prison away from them by removing the prisoners one by one and taking the uniform off the attendants. The priests would not have been surprised, when the Chinese went so far as to take down the prison sign, to see a sign put up declaring the place to be a palace or a pagoda.

But they secreted and kept the instruments of torture that were there to show to the mandarins if they should come. All the local officials employed themselves in the endeavor to get the priests to admit that they had broken open the coffers, or had disturbed the dignity of the *yamen*. Failing in this, they sought to have them lodge in the apartments of a visiting mandarin, who was turned out of his rooms for the purpose. They left the jail door open, and crowds were incessant in the jail, coming and going, as the news of the affair spread abroad. The magistrate took up the lawsuit that began the trouble, and found that the case was all indisputably in favor of the complainant. He then invited the priests to come and discuss the lawsuit, but the priests "feared the seductions of champagne and cigars," and would not stir anyway. They, in turn, kept sending for the mandarins to come and see their plight, but it is beneath the official dignity to visit a jail. When they were first arrested, the priests paid a messenger to convey word of their misfortune to the bishop, who at once started for Peking on their behalf. The jail attendants had begun by calling the priests "seeds of dogs and asses," but soon they began to address them as "excellencies." They said the magistrate "had neither head nor tail," meaning that he was at his wits' end. The last news I heard of the case was that one mandarin—an old friend of Father Hugh—had actually visited the priests. He got no more satisfaction than to learn that they would only leave the jail when they could be properly escorted out of it, with an official declaration that they had been ill-treated. Furthermore they said, "Our case is now being considered at Peking, and we are content."

This was in Shen-si, where last May notice was given that there was to be an eclipse of the sun which would endanger the life of that luminary. Therefore the Buddhist and the Taouist priests were bidden to mount the walls of the cities, croon their classics, beat their tomtoms, burn incense, and thus frighten the beast that might otherwise devour the sun. At the same time there was a drouth, and the governor sent military officers to a distant place to fetch an iron tablet erected to the memory of a man who years ago offered himself in sacrifice for rain. It was said that rain fell wherever the tablet went. All the officials of the chief city went out in full panoply to receive the tablet. Where such things be, fancy the difficulties of preaching Christianity!

I have not the slightest doubt that the imprisoned Catholic priests presently left the jail in chairs, with a big retinue of runners, and that the magistrate lost his rank, and probably all that he had stolen in office. Those two clergymen knew the Chinese to the core. From the Abbé Huc down to the latest traveller in the empire, those have got along best who have been bold and firm and insistent for their rights. The last man in China who told me of misadventure there illustrated this fact. He was an English official, known all over the world, but not at all known where he was one day travelling. Some little boys hooted at him. He followed one into a grand house, and would not be gone until he had seen the master. At last he tired the Chinaman, who came and heard his complaint. The man said the boy was no son of his. Straight to the highest mandarin went the Englishman, and there he got satisfaction. "I will order every boy flogged who lives in that street," said the mandarin.

The Chinese riots are not only against the missionaries, but often rage against the native Christians. Such was the case last spring in Tsoubsien, in Shan-tung. It was reported that thousands were engaged in the uprising; three Christians were killed, two died of their wounds, and many were injured. A missionary who went there later found the feeling against foreigners so intense that every inn was closed against him. The report declared that there seemed no cause for the agitation, but that is nonsense, because wherever there is a missionary there is ample cause for trouble among a people so superstitious and so ignorant of white men's ways. In Shan-tung, not many months ago, a dead body was carried into the yard of a native Christian, with the purpose of ruining him. Just that incident will show how far away from our customs are those of the Chinese. Among them a man kills himself on the door-step of an enemy in order to avenge a wrong, and if a dead body is put on a man's premises the presumption is that he is responsible for the death, and the result is the same. The officials thus find an excuse to get the victim in their clutches, and he is a very lucky man if he is not ruined—perhaps in body as well as purse—before he regains his liberty.

It was in this same province of Shan-tung that there appeared during the recent epidemic of Black Plague a man who had died and had an interview with the Prince of the Lower Regions. He returned to life to warn the people of the coming plague, saying that countless multitudes would die, but he had an effectual charm against the disease. It consisted in wearing four letters or characters which are not found in the dictionaries. This was believed, and the letters were carried by millions in many provinces. These are but a few among innumerable examples of the forces against which white missionaries are waging a war of reason. Thus they both feed and inflame the superstitions of the Chinese—I won't say the ignorant Chinese masses, for how can the population be classified, when Li Hung Chang is himself as deeply superstitious as the humblest farmer, or as the Emperor, who believes himself a god, and actually takes upon himself the task of raising and humbling the other gods who are in the Chinese heaven?

The missionaries rescue the little children who are abandoned in the streets and roads, and the masses of the people argue from this, to them, strange practice that they do mischief to the children, using their hearts and livers and brains for devilish purposes. The innocent cameras that white men bring to China are believed to be "machines that look-see," and that have the power of sight because they are boxes full of the eyes of dead Chinese children. No man knows more about Chinese riots than Mr. Gardner, the British consul at Amoy. In a recently published pamphlet proposing means for lessening the recurrence of anti-Christian riots, he says that once when Sir Rutherford Alcock asked Prince Kung what he could do for him, the prince said, "Take away your missionaries and your opium." It was then impossible to take away the missionaries, while to-day there are more than two thousand European and American missionaries, and more than a million native Christians. Mr. Gardner therefore lays down two indisputable facts, side by side: first, that missionary work in China cannot be curtailed, and second, that "the vast majority of the Chinese governing classes and people dislike missionary enterprise, and are only deterred from open acts of hostility by two factors—supineness and fear." When he considers the number of causes there are for the hatred of missionaries he wonders there are not more outrages, yet he says the attacks upon Christians grow nothing like so fast as the number of converts to Christianity.

Christianity is foreign, therefore distrusted. It opposes the worship of ancestors, which is the religion of China. Vile practices are attributed to the missionaries because their work gives rise to such ideas in ignorant and superstitious minds. Again the convert is cut off from his family and clan. He not only refuses to take part in the village amusements, which are all connected with the local joss-house, but he abstains from paying his share of the cost of these festivals. He is a loss to his neighborhood, because he does not pay the fees for ancestral worship, for repairs to the temple, for feasts for the dead, and all the rest. Worse yet, the pagan Chinaman regards the convert as throwing off these obligations without taking on others that are serious. Mr. Gardner makes one strong point against the missionaries themselves; that is, that they build European-looking chapels and churches, which are a continual eyesore to the Chinese. "They spoil beautiful Chinese scenery," he says; and no one who has been to China or Japan will hesitate to admit that buildings of our kinds do jar upon the unities over there. He therefore proposes that missionaries use native architecture; that all the Christian powers act as protectors of Christianity, instead of France alone; that it shall be settled what equivalent Christian converts in China shall give for their withdrawn subscriptions to the family and clan festivals; that Chinese officials shall regularly inspect Christian schools, orphanages, hospitals, etc.; and, last of all, that Christian colonies be established, with due publicity, in the scantily populated portions of China.

THE MICHAUX CLUB.

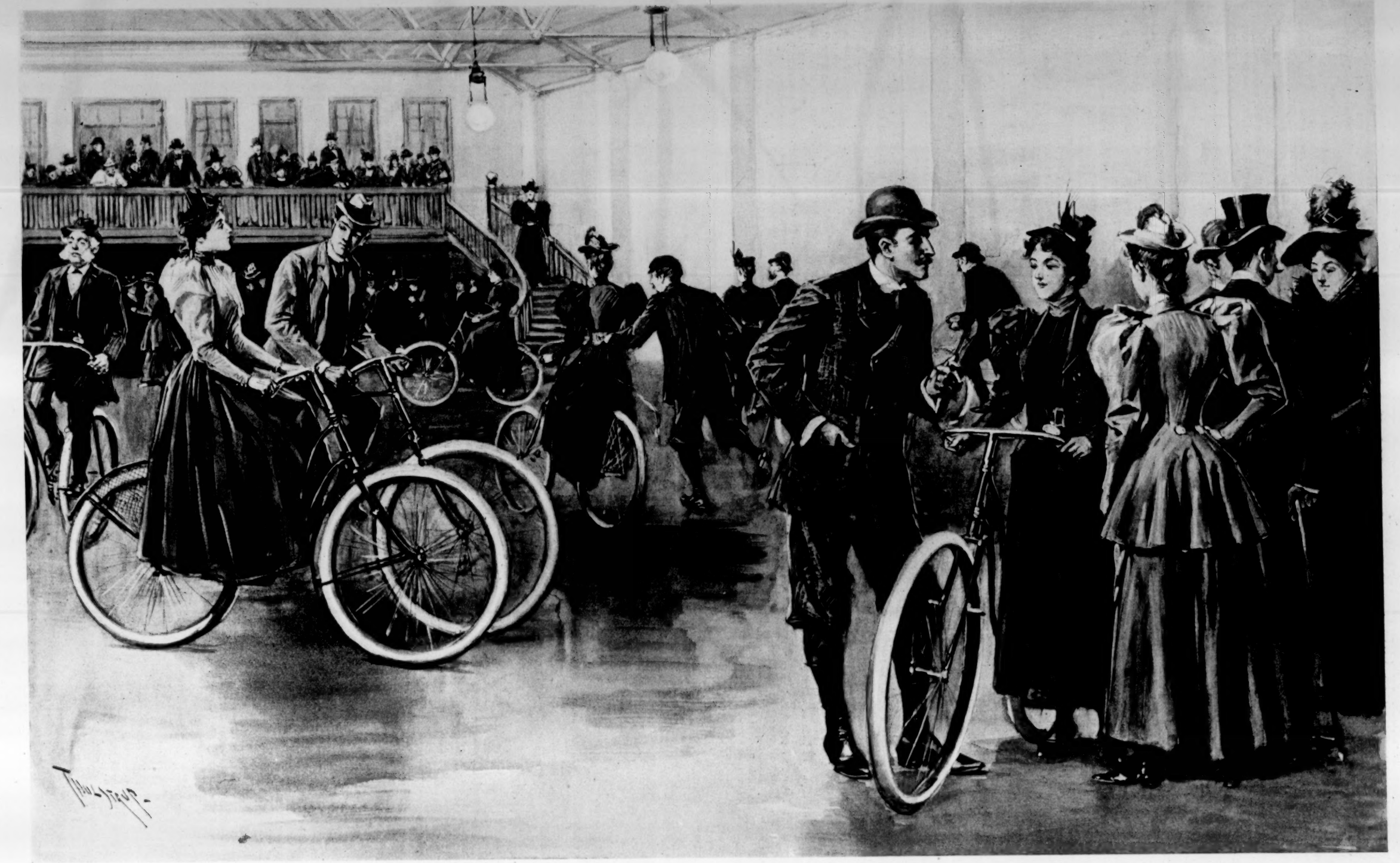
THE Michaux Club, which has quite recently been organized as a purely social club, is the first one of its kind in existence. As the name indicates, it is a bicycling club, and was named Michaux in honor of the Frenchman who invented the pedal. Mr. Wyndham Quinn, Mr. Elisha Dyer, and Mr. James B. Townsend, all enthusiasts of this sport, conceived the idea of forming a club where people who knew each other well might meet during the winter months when bicycling on the road was no longer possible. The club meets Monday and Thursday afternoons and Tuesday and Friday mornings at Bowman's Hall in New York. The hall is large, and there is plenty of room for a number of bicyclists to ride at the same time. Monday and Thursday afternoons there is music, and the riders go through many evolutions, such as figures from the cotillon, and riding in and out between chairs in time to the music. The morning hours are more generally given over to instruction.

A reading-room, where are to be found the new magazines, and where tea is served every afternoon, is a pleasant feature of the club, and is much frequented by the members. In this room are posted the notices of the club "runs," which consist of rides out on the road to some restaurant where luncheon is served. There are several instructors always at the hall, whose duty it is not only to teach beginners how to ride, but to keep a watchful eye upon the people who, after four or five lessons, think they have quite mastered the art of wheeling, and who in consequence are much to be dreaded.

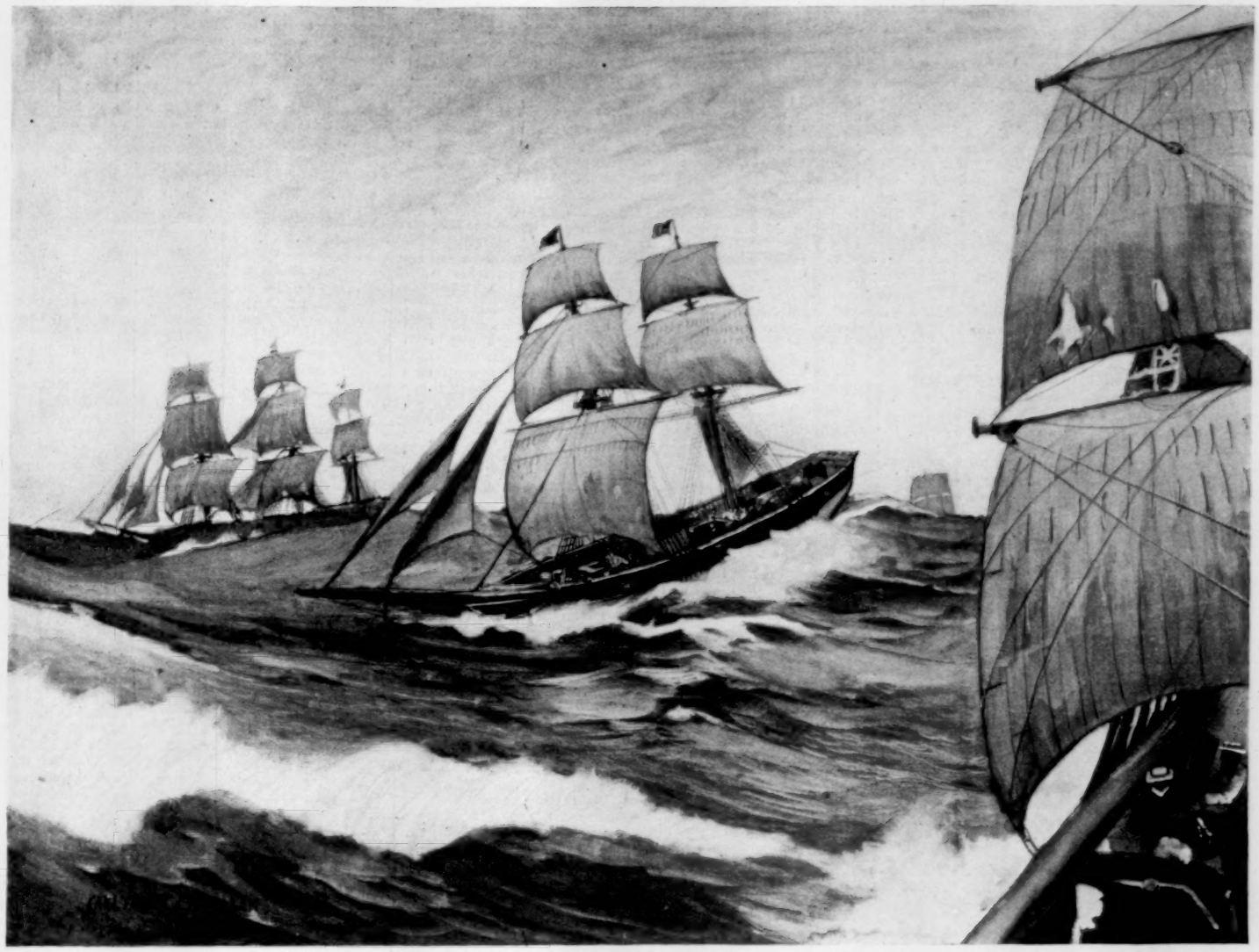
Most of the ladies keep their bicycling costumes at the club, and smart indeed are some of them. As a rule, there is no display of short skirts, the women almost without exception riding in gowns of short walking length. No bloomers or knickerbockers are to be seen, and the most satisfactory gowns are those made by a tailor somewhat on the plan of a riding-habit, with tight-fitting waist or jacket, and skirt plain and full, short enough to show the trim little boots and leggings. The men usually wear knee-breeches and sack-coats, though many ride in their business suits, going directly to the club from their offices.

The club is run very much on the same lines as the Festina Lente, the social club which was organized when the epidemic of roller-skating first broke out in this country. The mild weather last autumn and in the early winter made it possible to wheel much later than is usual, and ever since the club started there have been parties starting once or twice a week for the road runs. It is expected that from now until spring, however, there will be the riding in the hall exclusively.

The members of the club comprise many of the fashionable folk of the city, and quite as many women as men are enrolled. The list of members rapidly filled, and there is already a waiting list.



NEW YORK'S LATEST FAD—THE MICHAUX 'CYCLE CLUB.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 63.]



THE PRIVATEER "COMET" SAILING PAST THE ENGLISH VESSELS, JANUARY 14, 1813.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE "COMET"—PRIVATEER.

BY JAMES BARNES.

DURING the war of 1812 the American privateers sent home to United States ports so many hundreds of British vessels that the printed list makes quite a volume in itself. The names of the prizes taken, their tonnage and value, were published in Niles' *Weekly Register*, of Baltimore, and each week during the progress of the war the number grew, until it seemed that the stock of *Laughing Lassies, Bouncing Besses, Arabellas, Lords* something-or-other, *Ladies* this or *Countesses* of that, must surely be exhausted. In they came to Baltimore, to New York, or Boston by the scores—brigs and barks, schooners and ships, sloops and transports. Some were next to worthless, some were valuable, and some were veritable floating mines of wealth; some were heavily armed and had been captured after fierce fighting; others had been picked up like ripe fruit and sent home under prize-masters. Each one, however, was stamped with the seal of her captor, who might be cruising anywhere from the China Seas to the English Channel. Eager for racing, chasing, or fighting, the American privateers were watching the highways of British commerce. What did they care for armed consorts or guard-ships? They could show a clean pair of heels to the fastest cruisers that carried the red cross of St. George, or turn to and fight out of all proportion to their appearance or size—and this latter was proved true in many well-recorded instances. They were the kestrels and the game-cocks of the sea. The names of some of them were familiar to every school-boy eighty-odd years ago—*Revenge, Atlas, Young Eagle, Montgomery, Teazer, Decatur, General Armstrong, Comet.* Here were some tight little craft that caused their powder-monkeys fairly to smell of prize-money on their return from each successful cruise.

All of these vessels were oversparred, overarmed, and overmanned. It was the privateersman's business to take risks, and many paid the penalty for rashness; but their fearlessness and impudence were often most astounding, and their self-reliance actually superb.

Up to the end of the first year of the war Maryland alone had sent out more than forty armed vessels, and, as a writer in the *Weekly Register* naïvely remarks, "not one up to date has been even in *danger* of being captured, though frequently chased by British vessels of war."

But to come to the affair of the *Comet* privateer, of Baltimore. Her name had become familiar all along the Atlantic coast, her "winnings" were anchored in almost every harbor, and she could have the pick of the seamen lucky enough to be ashore at any place where she put in. Her 'tween-decks was crowded with extra crews and prize-masters to man her captures when she sailed out again.

The *Comet* was commanded by Captain Boyle, an intrepid sailor, and a man liked and trusted by his crew of 120 well-trained tars. She was as handy as a whip, and sailed like a cup-defender. She carried six guns in a broadside, a swivel, and a gun amidships.

It was on the 9th of January, 1813, that Captain Boyle spoke a Portuguese coasting-vessel which had just left the harbor of Pernambuco, Brazil, and learned that in the harbor were three English vessels loaded and ready to sail for Europe—one large armed ship and two armed brigs.

Upon hearing this welcome news Captain Boyle shortened sail, and tacked back and forth for five days, waiting and watching. On the 14th of the month his sharp lookout was rewarded by the sight of not three but four sail coming off shore before the wind. The *Comet* sheered away to the southward, and lay by to give the strangers an opportunity of passing her. When they had done so she put after them. It was quite late in the afternoon, a tremendous sea was running, and a freshening breeze lifted the *Comet* up the sides of the huge waves and raced her down into the hollows. She overhauled the other vessels as if they had been anchored. They kept close together, rising and then sinking hulls out of sight in the great seas. They evidently had no fear of the little vessel bearing down upon them, for they made no effort to spread their lighter sails. The *Comet* was under a press of canvas, and the water was roaring and tumbling every now and then over her forward rails.

At six o'clock, or thereabout, the reason for the leisurely movements of the chase was discovered—one of the vessels was seen to be a large man-of-war brig. She was hanging back, evidently awaiting the American's approach. The speed of the *Comet* was not lessened, not a stitch was taken in, but quickly the guns were loaded with round shot and grape, and the decks were cleared for action. Then Captain Boyle hoisted the American flag. The other hoisted Portuguese colors. As the *Comet* sheered up close, the stranger hailed and requested the privilege of sending a boat on board, saying he wished to speak with the American captain on a matter of importance.

Accordingly the *Comet* hove to, and her commander received the Portuguese officer a few minutes later at the companionway. The conversation, in view of the subsequent proceedings, must have been extremely interesting. The officer was a little taken aback when he saw the men standing stripped to the waist about the guns, the look of determination, and the man-o'-war appearance everywhere. But he doffed his hat, and informed Captain Boyle sententiously that the vessel he had just left belonged to his Majesty of Portugal, that she carried twenty 32-pounders, and a crew of 165 men.

Captain Boyle replied that he had admired her appearance greatly.

The Portuguese officer then went on to say that the three other vessels ahead were English, and were under the protection of the commander of his brig.

"By what right?" answered the captain of the *Comet*. "This is an American cruiser. We are on the high seas, the highway of all nations, and surely they belong to America as much as to the King of Great Britain or the King of Portugal."

The officer upon this asked to see the *Comet's* authority from her government. This Captain Boyle courteously showed to him. After reading the papers carefully, the officer began to advise the American captain in a manner that provoked the following reply: "I told him," writes Boyle, in the log-book of the *Comet*, "that I was determined to exercise the authority I had, and capture those vessels if I could. He said that he should be sorry if anything disagreeable took place; that they were ordered to protect them, and should do so. I answered him that I should equally feel regret that anything disagreeable should occur; that if it did he would be the aggressor, as I did not intend to fire upon him first; that if he did attempt to oppose me or to fire upon me when trying to take those English vessels we must try our respective strengths, as I was well prepared for such an event and should not shrink from it. He then informed me that those vessels were armed and very strong. I told him that I valued their strength but little, and would very soon put it to the test."

What a fine old fighter this Baltimore captain must have been! Here were four vessels, each of the three smaller ones as large as his own, and one nearly twice as large, against him; the Portuguese mounting twenty guns, the English ship fourteen, and the smaller brigs ten guns apiece. Fifty-four guns against fourteen. But the American was undaunted, and the Portuguese lieutenant rowed back to his ship.

Shortly afterwards the brig hailed again, asking Captain Boyle to lower his boat and come on board.

"It is growing too dark," shouted Captain Boyle, through his speaking-trumpet, and he squared his yards and made all sail for the nearest English vessel—the big ship.

So fast a sailer was the *Comet* and so quick in stays that she could shuttle back and forth through the little fleet in a manner that, to say the least, must have been confusing to the others. The moon was now coming out bright as the sun went down; but little of daylight was left.

The *Comet* came up handily with the English ship (the brigs were sailing close by), and Boyle ordered her to back her main-topsail or he would fire a broadside into her. So great was the headway of the privateer, however, that she shot past, and had to luff about the other's bows, Boyle again hailing, and saying he was coming down on the other side.

The man-of-war brig had crowded on all sail, and was hard after the American, but the latter now let drive her broadside at the ship and one of her smaller consorts, tacked quickly, and then found the man-of-war close alongside. The Portuguese, disregarding the policy of "minding one's own business," opened up her broadside upon the American. The *Comet* returned this with tremendous effect, and tacking again let go her starboard battery at the third Englishman, who was now closing in. Nothing but bad gunnery and good sailing must have saved the daring little vessel at this moment. But she loaded and fired, and the enemy appeared to be confused and frightened. The *Comet* stuck close to the English vessels, letting go whole broadsides into them at point-blank distance, and firing at the man-of-war whenever

she came in range. The British vessels separated at last to give their "protector" a better chance, but it availed them very little. By the time the Portuguese was ready to fire the *Comet* had spun about on her heel and was out of danger. It was the clever boxer in a crowd of clumsy bumpkins. At eleven o'clock the big ship surrendered, being cut almost to pieces and quite unmanageable. It was broad moonlight; but the moon would soon go down, and in the ensuing darkness Captain Boyle feared the others might escape him. As soon as the ship hauled down her colors he gave the first brig a broadside that ripped her bulwarks and cut away her running-gear; immediately down came her flag, and she surrendered also. She proved to be the *Bowes*, of Liverpool.

The sea was yet running very high, but a boat was manned and lowered away with a prize-crew, and made straight for the latest capture. When the heavily laden boat was a short distance from the *Comet*, around the bows of the captured ship came the man-of-war. She fired a broadside at the row-boat, and nearly swamped it there and then; half full of water, it returned to the *Comet*. Taking the boat's crew on board once more, the privateer headed for the Portuguese. Captain Boyle's blood was now up with a vengeance, and in the hot exchange that followed the bumptious foreigner had so much the worse of it that he withdrew from the engagement, and left the third English vessel to her fate. Like the others, the last hauled down her flag to save herself from further punishment. The situation was unusual. It was almost pitch-dark, and heaving about to leeward, the three captured vessels were hardly discernible. The *Bowes* was taken possession of, she being the nearest, and the captain of the ship *George*, of Liverpool, reported that he could hardly keep his vessel afloat. The other brig, the *Gambier*, of Hull, was in much the same condition. Captain Boyle determined to stand by them both until daybreak.

As soon as it was light it was seen that the little fleet had drifted in towards land, the wind having changed during the early morning. The Portuguese had once more joined them, and made a feint of desiring to fight again. The *Comet* sailed to meet her, but the brig turned tail, signalled the *George* and the *Gambier* to make for shore, and followed as quickly as she could. Captain Boyle did not overtake them, and the three reached Pernambuco in safety, the ship in a sinking condition, the brig likewise, and the cockpit of the man-of-war, which was badly cut up below and aloft, filled with dead and wounded. The *Comet* and the *Bowes* reached the United States in safety, the former making several more important captures, and sailing through the entire English blockading squadron in the Chesapeake Bay to her wharf in the city of Baltimore.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE "case" of Mr. George Lord Day, who got a bad fall last November in a run of the Meadow Brook Hunt, seems to have become a matter of unrestricted public knowledge and concern. The country which the Meadow Brook hunter-men gallop over appears, on the whole, to deserve the distinction of being about the stiffest and most exacting hunting country that sane men anywhere habitually hunt over. According to account, the fences are mostly post-and-rail, anywhere from four to six feet high (five feet being a common measurement), and new and strong. The hounds follow a drag, and go fast. A very large proportion of the members of the hunt are well-to-do, and go exceedingly well mounted; but even the best modern horses have no wings, and to any one accustomed to the comparatively gentle exercise of hunting wild foxes over a reasonable country, it passes comprehension how grown men on apterous nags think it fun to chase hounds eight or ten miles twice or three times a week over a succession of solid and durable fences of an average altitude approaching five feet.

No reliable measurement has been published of the fence that brought Mr. Day to grief. Small fences sometimes bring down their man as well as big ones. Whatever was the height of this one, Mr. Day's horse threw a somersault over it, and landed on top of his rider. Why the rider is not always killed when the horse turns a somersault over a fence is a mystery. The performance is the most diabolical spectacle that the hunting-field provides, yet usually neither horse nor man is much hurt. Mr. Day, poor gentleman, was one of the exceptions. He was badly damaged and disarranged, and though three skilful surgeons, between them, have brought him through so far, he is still fighting for his life. Since he was hurt his mother has died, and at last accounts his sister, who had nursed him, had fallen ill, and things were going hard and sadly with the Days.

Mr. Day's accident does not yield any direct moral, but it does seem as if it might in the end be a saving of trouble, expense, and grief to the families and friends of the Meadow Brook hunter-men if they could persuade all the Long Island farmers within twenty miles of the Meadow Brook club-house that an invariable three feet six inches is the proper height for a fence, and that rotten rails are really better for fencing purposes than sound ones.

On the first Sunday in the year there was dedicated in Boston a meeting-house known as the "Mother Church" of the Christian Scientists. It is on the corner of Norway and Falmouth streets, has an auditorium that will seat 1300 people, and is said to have cost $200,000.

The inventor of Christian Science, as many people know, was Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, a seeress who lives in Concord, New Hampshire, and whose countenance, as her pictures represent it, bears an amusing likeness to that of that other familiar benefactor, the late Lydia E. Pinkham. Mrs. Eddy's written works seem to the ordinary comprehension to be exceedingly bad reading. Laurence Oliphant's religious writings are not much worse, and that is putting the case strongly. But as there was a great deal more sense in Oliphant than any one who had read only his *Scientific Religion* could have believed, so there must be more sense in Mrs. Eddy than any uninspired understanding can win out of her books. The sect that she started has certainly thrived. It is true that nine-tenths, or perhaps even a larger proportion, of its adherents have been women, but many of them are able to maintain a successful appearance of being extra-clever women. Sickness has undoubtedly been cured and is constantly being cured in the name of Christian Science. That proves nothing by itself, but the history of Christian Science "cases" is often interesting, and appearances often indicate the use of a definite therapeutic force which ordinary physicians neither attempt nor assume to exercise.

More impressive than even the Christian Science cures is the complete satisfaction of the "scientists" with their persuasion. It seems to become their first interest in life, as perhaps must be the case with any form of religion which really takes hold of the believer. It makes them happy, too, as any controlling enthusiasm does while it lasts, and Christian Science in many cases seems to last very well. But it is hard in this world to get anything for nothing. No one gets much out of Christian Science who does not put a good deal into it. Whether the gain is worth the investment is a question. It seems to be worth it to some people, but they are usually people who have turned to it as a desperate alternative, and stuck to it because it seemed to help them when nothing else did. To people who are not in desperate extremity the disadvantages of Christian Science usually seem to outweigh its allurements.

Whether Christian Science will last and continue to grow is a question about which there are many opinions. The present paragrapher guesses that it will fade out after a while, but not soon, and not without exerting some influence both on theology and medicine. It scandalizes the doctors on one side and the reverend clergy on the other, and it has fun with both. They will probably beat it in the end, but they will both be the wiser for meeting it.

In the article about Pitcairn Island, published in the WEEKLY of December 8th, Mr. H. R. Palmer mentioned that the islanders, who were for many years affiliated with the Church of England, had lately been converted to the doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventists. It is a considerable distance from the Church of England to the organization of the Seventh-day Adventists, and it is interesting to learn how the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* came to make so radical a change. A private letter of recent date to a reader of the WEEKLY tells how it came about.

When John Adams of the original settlers began to take serious views of life and the future of the settlement, he had in stock one Bible and one Prayer-book, which came from the *Bounty*. On these he started the religious life of the island, reading services out of the Prayer-book on Sunday, and teaching the children the catechism. He died in 1829, but his successors stuck with entire contentment to Bible and Prayer-book, knowing scarcely anything of other denominations until about 1876, when for the first time they began to receive publications from Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists, and, later, from Christadelphians, Plymouth Brethren, Seventh-day Adventists, Second Adventists, and others. Our friend's correspondent says that for ten years the islanders read the documents of these various sects, finding something to admire in each, and differing in some points from all. Gradually they became somewhat shaken in their entire belief in the Church of England's doctrines, grew to feel that the saints' days savored of Roman Catholicism, and lost confidence in infant baptism and confirmation. Principally, it seems, "the truths about immortality as taught in the Bible, the final doom of the wicked, baptism, and particularly the truth about the Sabbath," were brought to their notice. They ceased to depend upon their catechisms for information, and began to "study the Bible in connection with the truths presented," with the result that in 1886, ten years after the influx of tracts began, they "unanimously began keeping the seventh day as the Lord's day instead of the first day," and were organized in December, 1890, into "the Seventh-day Adventist Church on Pitcairn Island."

One may smile without irreverence or disrespect at this simple story of a sectarian swap. The Pitcairn-Islanders are not very hard worked, have few amusements, and abundant leisure. With plenty of sectarian literature supplied them there is nothing to hinder each one of them from becoming a free and independent expert theologian, with convictions of his own on all points of doctrine. There are only about 140 people on the island now (many of the original settlers having moved to Norfolk Island), and there must be Christian sects enough in the United States alone to afford each adult person of them a "persuasion," with a name, creed, and established organization, which he can have all to himself. Such a complete experience of sect might bring home to the islanders more quickly than to their continental brethren a realization of the extreme unimportance of most sectarian differences as compared with the beliefs on which most Christian sects are able to agree.

It gives one a lively impression of the interest in sport in England to turn over the leaves of such a paper as the London *Field*, a single ordinary issue of which (for October 13th) has thirty-four big pages of advertisements relating to sports or country life. It would not yet be possible to get such support for such a periodical in this country, though American interest in sport is constantly increasing, and new periodicals are being started to minister to it. One such periodical, the monthly magazine called *Sports Afield*, has just been moved to Chicago from Denver, where it was started in 1887 by Claude King, a graduate of the Harper printing-house. It aims to be "Western, masculine, and gritty," and has thrived enough in the realization of these wholesome aspirations to warrant its recent move.

One very obvious effect of the immense growth of suburban electric railroads is to stimulate the movement towards the proper equipment of American cities with parks. The parks that are now being secured by various cities are generous tracts of land on their outskirts, which may really satisfy the longings of urban dwellers for the air and scenes of the country. News was recently published of large gifts and bequests of land and money to the city of Hartford to provide it with parks of this sort. More lately still comes word that Charleston has purchased five hundred acres of land five miles out of town to add to its park system, and that Baltimore has decided by a popular vote to spend a million dollars in buying the Johns Hopkins estate on the outskirts of the city. Such purchases mean very much for the happiness and health of city-dwelling Americans both in being and in prospect. They bring nearer the day when Americans will find recreation and amusement at home, and will not feel it so necessary as now to cross the ocean when they want to rest and have some fun.

Whitman College, at Walla Walla, in the State of Washington, is the memorial of Dr. Marcus Whitman, the pioneer of Washington, and the man who saved that and other States to the Union. Not many Eastern readers have heard of him. He went to Fort Walla Walla in 1836 as missionary to the Cayuse Indians. Along in 1842 he learned that the territory which now includes Washington, Oregon, and Idaho was about to be ceded to the British in return for some concessions as to fisheries. In October, 1842, he started for Washington (D. C.) to stop the trade. He rode across the continent in winter by way of Santa Fe, suffering the severest hardships on the way, and reached the capital in March. President Tyler was impressed by his zeal and his journey, and said the cession should not go through if Whitman could prove that the country was accessible. That same summer Whitman led a thousand emigrants back over the Rocky Mountains to Fort Walla Walla, and the land was kept for the United States. He and his wife were murdered with twelve others in 1847 by the Cayuse Indians, who attributed an epidemic of measles to Whitman's remedies. The Whitman Academy was started in 1859 as a memorial to him. It got a new charter as a college in 1883, and has struggled for existence ever since. Its supporters are devoted to its interests and to Dr. Whitman's memory, and are trying to raise money for an adequate endowment for it. Whitman certainly deserves a monument, and the Northwest doubtless needs the college. Any one who wants to help can get fuller information from the President of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington.

A reader of the WEEKLY, who has read in the issue for November 10th what she calls "the excellent article on the celebration of the opening of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art," writes from Europe to express her desire that the WEEKLY should record that "the designer of the two wings of the main building was the late Arthur Lyman Tuckerman, architect, and manager of the excellent art school connected with the Museum of Art."

Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will remember "The Kind Word Society" which was started last year by Mrs. John Sherwood and others to find employment in country houses for girls who lost their places as cashiers and clerks during the hard times in New York. The society found homes and work for more than a thousand girls last year, and still continues its labors. Its office has been moved from the Manhattan Athletic Club to the basement of the Church of the Holy Trinity, 21 East Forty-second Street. It needs money and second-hand clothes, and gifts of either of these necessaries will be acknowledged by the treasurer, Miss Alleine Lee.

Mr. George Henry Rattenbury, of Detroit, believes that he has a unique relic of one of the ancestors of George Washington in a parchment deed written in Norman French, dated June 9, 1590, signed by Richard Washington, and sealed by him with the Washington seal, from which the stars and stripes of the American flag are supposed to have been derived. Relics of the Washington family in England prior to 1657, when two of them came to Virginia, are scarce. Mr. Rattenbury's deed is said to be unquestionably authentic, and he believes it to be valuable, especially on account of the seal, which he thinks is the only impression of the old Washington family seal in existence.

Among those persons living who remember seeing Aaron Burr is Mr. Samuel Shaw, of the Cooperstown *Freeman's Journal*. It has been said of Burr that he never showed the slightest compunction or regret for his killing of Alexander Hamilton. In reply to this statement, made by a public lecturer, Mr. Shaw tells the following story: "At the close of the war of 1812–15, Burr and a few army officers dined with my grandfather. My mother, then about thirteen years of age, was present, and she said that while the gentlemen tarried at their dessert the subject of the celebrated duel was introduced, and one of the gentlemen present asked Mr. Burr, if not disagreeable, to briefly narrate the circumstances attending it. This he at once did, showing no emotion, until he closed by saying, 'When I shot Hamilton he seemed to me to jump nearly his own height.' Then he at once quit the table, went out upon the piazza, and walked up and down it till the party broke up. He appeared to be deeply moved." This was eleven years after the duel was fought.

E. S. MARTIN.

FROM THE HARBOR HILL.

"Is it a sail?" she asked.
"No," I said.
"Only a white sea-gull with its pinions spread."

"Is it a spar?" she asked.
"No," said I.
"Only the slender light-house tower 'gainst the sky.'

"Flutters a pennant there?"
"No," I said.
"Only a shred of cloud in the sunset red."

"Surely a hull, a hull!"
"Where?" I cried.
"Only a rock half-bared by the ebbing tide."

"Wait you a ship?" I asked.
"Ay!" quoth she.
"The *Harbor Belle;* her mate comes back to marry me.

"Surely the good ship hath
Met no harm?"
Was it the west wind wailed or the babe on her arm?

"The *Harbor Belle!*" she urged.
Nought said I.
For I knew o'er the grave o' the *Harbor Belle* the sea-gulls fly.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

"MINING WITHOUT THE ROMANCE."

THE article under the above title signed "Frank A. Parker, Boulder, Colorado," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of 8th December, is so utterly overdrawn, misleading, and in some respects absolutely untruthful, that as a matter of justice and fairness it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

The writer has resided in Colorado continuously for over eleven years, during which period he has become personally familiar with practically every mining district in the State, and has never been and is not now directly or indirectly interested in any mining property, except as a citizen of Colorado.

Mr. Parker says: "At the Denver Real Estate Exchange, a few weeks ago, I heard the chairman ask every one present who was directly interested in mining to stand up. Only one man remained seated, and he said he had only recently disposed of his mining properties." The writer is assured by the secretary of the Denver Real Estate Exchange that he recollects no such incident. It is equally untrue that 99 of every 100 men in Colorado, or any other large percentage, are or have been financially interested in mining.

Without following Mr. Parker through the rest of his specious, flippant, and prejudiced misrepresentations, I wish to make the following general statements.

In years past, lured by the fact that a few men had made rich mining discoveries, often accidentally, and thereby acquired great wealth in a few years, large numbers of persons without any technical or practical knowledge rushed into the mining districts and spent time and money, usually in a haphazard way, without any backing of commonsense, experience, or judgment. That is no more chargeable to legitimate mining than gambling in the average "bucket shop" is chargeable to legitimate mercantile business.

Since the erection of the first smelting plant in America, viz., at Black Hawk, Gilpin County, Colorado, by Boston capital, in 1867, the science of mining and ore treatment has seen wonderful discoveries, inventions, and progress. The geological and mineral formations of the various mining districts as opened up by workings have been carefully studied by experienced, careful, and reputable mining engineers; improved pumping, electrical, and drilling apparatus are now utilized for mining operations; and equal improvements have been made in the methods of ore treatment. At the same time the skill of the miner, the mechanic, the stamp-mill man, the concentrating mill man, the smelter man, and the men operating chlorination, cyanide, and other new processes are all much increased. During the same period, also, there has been a great reduction in the mining districts in the cost of food, wages, mining supplies, freight, and treatment charges. All of the above tend to the more economic production of gold, and to reduce the business of mining to a mathematical business proposition, which means the safer investment of money.

There is now no excuse for the ill-advised investments which have too frequently prevailed in the past. Common-sense and ordinary sagacity are recognized as necessary in going into any business. Why not in gold-mining? To-day the results of nearly thirty years of scientific study of geology and ore treatment are available in Colorado for the proposed investor, and if he negligently ignores them, or sinks his money without full previous investigation, or simply acts as he would on the race-course, in the pool-room, the lottery, or the bucket shop, odium should not thereby be cast on legitimate mining entered upon with the prudence called for in any business transaction.

To-day gold is the only article that is appreciating in value; the world calls for it, and Colorado can and will increase the supply. According to the official figures of the United States Mint authorities, the following is the gold production of Colorado during recent years: 1889, $3,636,217; 1890, $4,016,229; 1891, $4,767,880; 1892, $5,539,021; 1893, $7,487,071—while for the year 1894 it is estimated by the Denver Mint officials at upwards of $12,000,000. Gilpin County, which, from a strip of territory four miles long by two and a half miles wide, from 1859 to 1893 inclusive has produced over $70,000,000 worth of mineral, mostly gold, will this year produce nearly $3,000,000. Leadville, formerly the great silver camp, will produce over $3,000,000 of gold this year; the new district of Cripple Creek will turn out over $4,000,000; and both Leadville and Cripple Creek are now merely about in shape to show what they can do in the future. San Miguel, Boulder, and other counties will also show a good increase for 1894.

Certainly over three-fourths of the capital which has produced this increased output has been furnished by Colorado capitalists of many years' practical mining experience, and taking the average success or loss of intelligent mining, it pays better than any other business.

To-day there is no better opening in America for the judicious, intelligent, safe, and profitable investment of capital than gold-mining in Colorado.

It is probably within the mark to say that within the next five years the annual output of Colorado in dollars will rise to the amount of the greatest output of silver in any one year in Colorado (viz., $31,478,972, in 1892), and by reason of such development of her wonderful gold resources, Colorado will be enabled to stand the consequences of the demonetization of silver with less disastrous results than other States which never produce an ounce of silver.

THOMAS TONGE,
Secretary Colorado Manufacturers' Exchange, Denver, Colorado.

COUNTERFEITING GOVERNMENT BONDS.

THE difficulty in counterfeiting a bond arises partly from the intricacy and extent of the design, partly from the fact that two colors are used in bond-printing in addition to the red seal which is put on the bonds at the Treasurer's Office. There is an underlying tint on the face of the bond which is not found on our bank-notes. There is the black print on the face of the bond, and then the black print on the back. Then there is the serial number. Finally there is the red seal. This is all done by machinery. But in addition to this machine-work there is the signature of the Register of the Treasury, which, unlike the signatures on Treasury notes, is not engraved, but is put on each bond with pen and ink. And there are two sets of initials signed to the bond respectively by the clerk in the office of the Register and the clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, who record and enter the bonds at the time of issue. On the coupon, in addition to all this work on the face and back, there is the set of interest coupons attached which would have to be counterfeited successfully; and as a counterfeiter could not have the use of a transfer press, he would have to do the work of imitating these coupons individually, unless he could reproduce an entire bond by photography, or some other process-work.

There are other difficulties about the counterfeiting of bonds. A registered bond could not well be counterfeited, and to print a coupon bond would require a plate so large that it would be difficult to conceal it.

These are some of the obstacles to successful work in counterfeiting. But the difficulty of passing a counterfeit is a matter more considered by criminals. Most of the transactions in bonds are conducted through bankers or brokers, and their trained eyes are seldom deceived in judging securities. Still, there have been counterfeits of bonds.

In 1866 the 5-20 $1000 coupon bonds were counterfeited, but the criminals were caught before any of the bonds got on the market. In 1867 the 7-30 $1000 bonds were counterfeited so successfully that many thousands of them were taken by the banks. In 1880 the $1000 6's of 1881 were counterfeited to the amount of $207,000, but after three of the bonds had been placed, the Secret Service agents, led by A. L. Drummond, the late chief of the service, captured the counterfeiter with the remaining $204,000 bonds on his person.

These are the most important bond counterfeits known to the history of the Secret Service. A great many ineffectual efforts to circulate counterfeits of $50 and $100 bonds were made in the early history of bond issues; but the work was done by inferior criminals—there is a superiority even among counterfeiters—and it was never dangerous. The big criminals aimed for big game when they undertook bond-counterfeiting. Few of them bagged anything but a term in the penitentiary.

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SCENES AFTER A BATTLE.

SOME of the grewsome features attendant upon modern warfare are illustrated this week by the sketches which come from HARPER'S WEEKLY'S special artist accompanying the Japanese forces in Manchooria. It is after the excitement of battle is over that these scenes are enacted. Long lines of dejected-looking prisoners, with their hands tied in front of them, are marched back from the front, accompanied by a guard of Japanese cavalry and infantry, to be turned over to the prison-guard farther in the rear, and to be eventually sent in ships to Japan. When first captured the Chinese soldiers have always displayed great fear and alarm over their coming fate at the hands of the invaders, for they themselves invariably murder and mutilate their prisoners. But after a few weeks of captivity with the Japanese they become reassured and encouraged by the kind and civilized treatment they receive, and many of them volunteer to return to the front to act as guides and scouts for their captors. Almost all assert that their treatment in captivity is more humane than that which they have received at the hands of their own officers.

The prisoners and the wounded being disposed of, squads of Japanese soldiers are detailed to collect the dead and to identify them. The bodies are brought from all parts of the battle-field and laid in a row, faces up, and then the adjutants of the several regiments that were engaged in the fight make out the correct list of the dead and missing. This work being completed, the funeral service is read, and the dead are then buried. In the early part of the war, before the Chinese offered enough resistance to cause many deaths, each soldier was buried in a separate grave, and, so far as possible, a stake with his name was placed at the head. But lately there have been so many deaths, both of Japanese soldiers and of coolies, through disease, that the officers of the Mikado's army have found it necessary to bury many men in one pit, and in some cases to burn the dead, so as to prevent an epidemic. The bodies are placed in pine boxes and lowered into a pit, at the bottom of which have been placed several cords of wood. The coffins are then covered with bundles of straw, soaked with petroleum, and set on fire. This operation is performed at some lonely spot at a distance from the camp, but the columns of fire rise high over the flat country, and give a weird and ghostly aspect to the dark and deserted battle-field.

CREMATING THE BODIES OF SOLDIERS AND COOLIES WHO HAVE DIED OF DISEASE.

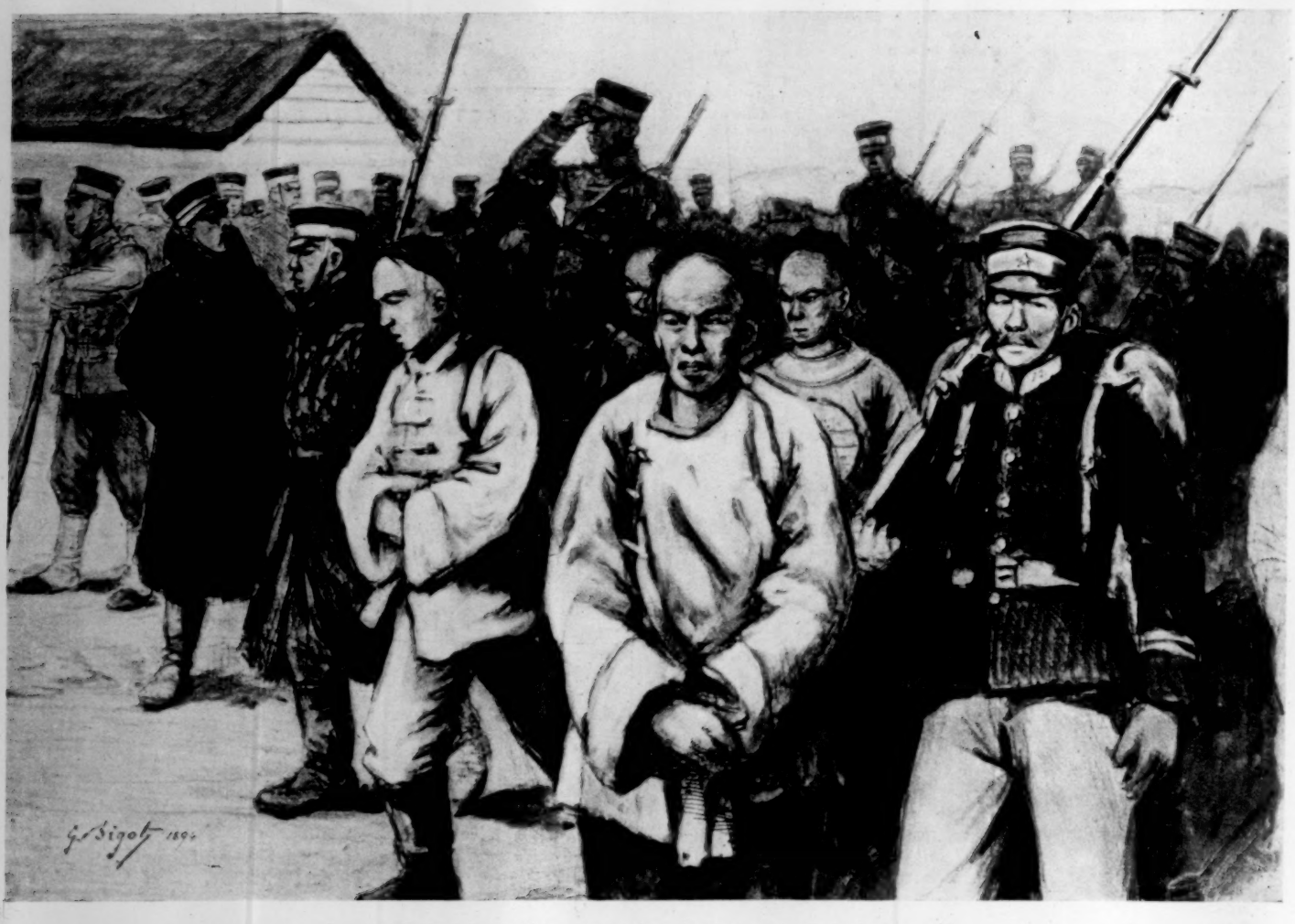
AFTER THE BATTLE—JAPANESE OFFICERS IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

COME, close the curtains, and make fast the door,
Pile high the logs, and let the happy room
Red as the rose on wall and ceiling bloom,
And bring your golden flagons forth and pour
Full drinking of some ancient summer's store
Of spice and sweetness, while to ruddy gloom
The fire falls. And lest any sound of doom
Be heard, let music on her wide wings soar.

Yet shall you never make the door so fast
That no moan echo on the song, no shape
Dull the wine's fragrance and the blaze obscure,
And breathe the dark chill of the outer blast,
Till you shall turn and shudder to escape
The awful phantom of the hungry poor!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS TAKING CHINESE PRISONERS TO THE REAR.

THE WAR IN CHINA.—FROM SKETCHES MADE BY G. BIGOT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN MANCHOORIA.

A STRING OF 5142 RABBITS.
Results of a Rabbit-Hunt at Lamar, Colorado.—[See Page 70.]

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has lately left on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the musk-ox, the wood-bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

THE SAILING-CANOE—ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DECLINE.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

I.

CANOE-SAILING, and more particularly canoe-racing under sail, are among the more modern additions to the growing list of healthy and exhilarating out-door sports, their origin dating back scarcely twenty-five years. The men who were most active in originating and developing the racing-canoe are still alive and in the very prime of life, retaining a lively interest in their pet craft. That pride which they once felt, however, in the success of their efforts to improve and popularize the canoe has, it must be said with regret, largely given place to apprehension as to the future prosperity of both canoe-sailing and canoe-racing. No one can compare without misgivings the records of half a dozen years back—with such active business men as Barney, Gibson, and Butler devoting time and energy to the designing, fitting, and rigging of a tiny canoe, with forty starters in a race—with the condition of building and racing this season and last.

So patent is this decline in all branches of canoe-sailing that the only course is to recognize it frankly, and to seek for the cause and the remedy. Without going into all the details of a very complicated question, we propose to consider now one of the prime causes—the over-development of the sailing-canoe.

The historian of canoe-racing under sail need waste no time over the primitive types of ancient days, or even over the more modern birch-bark and open Canadian canoe; his work plainly begins about 1865, with the late Captain John MacGregor (founder of the Royal Canoe Club) and the *Rob Roy*. Captain MacGregor gave to the world the decked canoe, fitted, it is true, with a sail, but not strictly a sailing-canoe. It was, however, from the early *Rob Roy* model that the first sailing-canoe was developed, in 1870, by Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, the principal changes being more sheer, depth, beam, and freeboard, a deeper keel, and a much more effective rig, with a mizzen added to the simple mainsail of the *Rob Roy*.

Coming at a time when canoe cruising and canoe travelling were prospering under the first stimulus of novelty, the new sailing model met with favor from the start; and sailing, both for mere amusement and for racing, was added to the category of "canoebial" charms. *Nautilus* No. 1, Mr. Baden-Powell's first sailing-canoe, the second of the name, soon gave place to others of improved model, until, by 1875, the name stood for a trim, shapely, and efficient little ship, elaborately fitted for cruising and canoe life, but fairly fast under sail.

At the same time another English canoeist, Mr. E. B. Tredwin, was working in his own way over the development of the sailing-canoe; and as racing grew and prospered on the Thames under the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club, the chief feature was the keen and close rivalry between the successive annual editions of *Nautili* and *Pearls*. The models of these two types, produced about 1881, enjoyed a remarkable reputation for speed, competing very successfully with the numerous small racing craft of the Thames sailing clubs, sloops and luggers of much greater size.

As compared with the ideal all-around canoe, the *Nautilus* and *Pearl* of this date were not improperly called "machines," though widely different from the racing craft of to-day. They were very large and bulky craft, the usual dimensions being 14 feet length, 33 inches beam, and 16 inches depth inside. They were ballasted with about 300 pounds of lead, cast to fit the bottom, or in the form of shot-bags, together with a centreplate of gun-metal weighing 60 pounds. The rig included a large balance-lug, a form of sail derived from the Chinese, but improved and developed by canoe-sailers, and a small mizzen, the areas being about 100 square feet and 30 square feet respectively.

In sailing, as practised at this era, the canoeist reclined almost at full length in the long well, protected by apron and hatches in bad weather; his shoulders were braced in an opening in the weather-deck, closed by a spring flap when to leeward, the head showing just above the deck. The feet rested on a steering-bar forward, beneath the deck, and the hands were free to manage the sheets and the lines of the reefing-gear, and also to shift the shot-bags over to a shelf under the weather-deck.

Many an old boating man will recall with a thrill of pleasurable excitement the sensation with which he first read in the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE two illustrated articles condensed from Captain MacGregor's books, appearing in 1866–7, and containing descriptions of the newly invented *Rob Roy* canoe. It is to these articles that the writer owes his first knowledge of the canoe, of course accompanied by an intense boyish desire to possess one, and to emulate the famous Scotchman. Between 1866 and 1870 a few *Rob Roy* and *Nautilus* canoes were imported from England, and when the New York Canoe Club was organized, in 1871, by William L. Alden and others of a group of New York writers and newspaper men, designs were secured from England, and a number of canoes were built for the club by James Everson, the veteran builder, of Williamsburg, New York. About the same time an English boat-builder, Jarvis by name, who was familiar with canoe-work, was in business at Ithaca, New York, and turned out some very fine *Nautilus* canoes.

It was not until 1876 that the writer, emboldened by various more or less successful efforts at amateur boat-building, undertook to construct a *Rob Roy* canoe, this attempt being so far successful that, after a pleasant season of cruising, a deeper craft, modelled roughly after the *Nautilus* of 1872–3, was completed, and used in a long cruise in the following year, the rig being a two-masted schooner, with gaff sails and a jib, the masts raking heavily.

The improvements in design in England between 1871 and 1878 were not known or followed here, sailing races had not become popular, and the limited amount of canoe-sailing which was done at all was in various modifications of the old *Nautilus* of 1872–3, with a peculiar rig known as the sliding gunter. Canoeing was growing, however, and in the winter of 1877–8 two American models were produced, the *Shadow*, by Commodore W. L. Alden, of the New York Canoe Club, and the *Jersey Blue*, by the writer, then Commodore of a small club, the Jersey Blue, probably the second club organized in the United States. While of the same all-around type of cruising and sailing canoe as the old *Nautilus*, these new boats were decidedly superior in model and fittings, with less sheer and more stability without ballast.

A few races at long intervals were held by the New York Canoe Club between 1871 and 1876; but canoe-sailing in America really dates from 1879, the New York Canoe Club holding a large open regatta off New Brighton, Staten Island, in June of that year, while in August sailing races were held at Lake George on the occasion of the college rowing races, there being a number of canoes then cruising about the lake. Canoeing was at this time just overcoming a strong prejudice which had existed against it, and was growing rapidly. Clubs were formed, and men of aquatic tastes were being won over to the sport. In 1880 the work was greatly forwarded by the formation of the American Canoe Association, through the efforts of Mr. N. H. Bishop, one of the avowed objects being the promotion of canoe-racing as well as cruising.

The American canoes of 1880 were of two types—the original *Rob Roy* and the No. 3 *Nautilus*, in both its original form and in modifications having less sheer, and varying somewhat in dimensions and fittings according to the ideas of individual owners. All were keel craft, the keels being from one to two inches deep, a few canoeists who disregarded all tradition, and cared less for cruising than for sailing only, having their canoes fitted with rocker keels of 4 to 6 inches depth, in some cases with a little lead on the lower side of the keel. All canoes were fitted with two bulkheads sufficiently far apart for the crew to lie at full length in sleeping, and were equipped with aprons and tight deck hatches, completely covering the well in bad weather or when shipped by rail. The steering was done by a rudder and a primitive and awkward form of foot-steering gear, the lines running to a foot-yoke below-deck. No canoe was launched, for even a short spin, without carrying a 7-foot double paddle.

The chief tenet of faith of the early fathers of canoeing was the preservation intact of full sleeping space in the body of the canoe, and in accordance with this the centre-board was for a time rigidly frowned down, the defects of the shallow keel in windward work being in a measure compensated for by a leeboard hung over the lee side. With canoe-racing fairly established on the Thames, this device proved not only ineffective, as compared with the well-fitted centreplates of the Thames sailing-gigs, but very inconvenient in the short tacks necessary on the narrow river, as it had to be shifted to leeward on every tack. Thus the centreboard—or, more properly, centreplate, as it was from the first of metal—found its way into English canoes about 1871. In this year it was fitted into one of the early *Pearls* by Mr. Tredwin, but in order to leave full sleeping-room the main centreplate was placed well forward and balanced by a smaller one aft. As racing became keener, the weight of the main centreplate was increased until some sixty pounds of gun-metal was used in the *Nautili* and *Pearls* of 1880–6.

The first American centreboard canoe was built by George Roahr, a noted shell-boat-builder of the Harlem River, in 1878, the model being a copy of Mr. Alden's new *Shadow*. The canoe was used by Roahr himself about the river, fitted with one sail; and as he cared only for sailing, a narrow trunk was fitted, in which a deep dagger-board of black walnut could be used. In 1880, after the death of the builder, this canoe was purchased by Mr. William Whitlock, and named *Wraith*, thus beginning a long and successful racing career, which she finally ended under the ownership of Mr. L. Q. Jones and the name of *Venture*. The centreboard, directly between the knees of the crew when seated in the well for paddling, was a serious disadvantage from a cruising stand-point, but was very effective in sailing.

Without a centreboard, fitted with a keel of not over two inches deep, and with little or no ballast save her crew seated low on the floor boards, the canoe of the early American races, nearly all of them sailed in the strong tidal waters about New York, was a very inefficient sailing craft. She lacked not only power, but lateral resistance, and, in the absence of these, was practically unable to get to windward save under the most favorable conditions.

The first great improvement was made by Mr. C. B. Vaux, in abandoning the sitting position within the canoe for a seat on the deck, the foot-steering yoke below being at the same time replaced by a T-shaped yoke and tiller on deck for the hand. While the body of the canoeist offered more resistance to the wind than when stowed below, this slight disadvantage was more than offset by the increased leverage, the weight being thrown far out to windward not only increasing the sail-carrying power very much, but keeping the hull so nearly upright as to increase the resistance to leeway of the small keel. It was this change of position which made canoe-sailing something more than a butt for the jeers and ridicule of the cat-boat sailors and oarsmen of New York and Staten Island, and opened the way to the thousands of keen racers of the last fifteen years throughout America.

The great advantage of the new position was not at first appreciated by the other sailor-men of the New York Canoe Club in their efforts to outsail Mr. Vaux, nor were they, especially some of the heavier and less agile ones, inclined to give up a position that was considered safer and more comfortable for the elevated perch on the side deck. The necessary stability was sought in the main through the medium of shot-bags stowed under the side deck below, or even slung over the weather side, while iron plates on the keel, or laid flat inside beneath the floor boards, were also used.

The early works of MacGregor and Baden-Powell presented the charms of canoe cruising in a most alluring form, but it was not until 1879 that the technical side of the sport, the designing, building, and fitting, was adequately treated in a series of papers by Messrs. Baden-Powell, Tredwin, and C. G. Y. King, published in the

London *Field*. It was through these articles that the details and performances of the *Nautilus* and *Pearl* of that day were first made known to American canoeists; and early in 1880 the writer, with the aid of these articles and the kindly assistance of Mr. Tredwin through numerous letters, built the first of the heavy-displacement canoes floated in this country.

Queen Mab, as she was called by her owner, Dr. E. B. Bronson, then one of the crack sailors of the New York Canoe Club, was built to the lines of the No. 5 *Pearl*, fitted with two centreplates, one weighing fifty pounds, side-deck flaps, and two balance lug-sails. While inferior to the original in a much heavier construction and less perfectly fitted details, she was a good exponent of the British type. That she was not successful here was due in part to the fact that the sailing of such a complicated craft was something only acquired by long experience, and totally different from the handling of the light and simply rigged American canoes.

The advent of the new craft at once brought up a discussion, which lasted for some years, as to the value of heavy ballast, moderate ballast, or no ballast at all in canoe-sailing. The sailor-men of New York, with rough water and strong tides to contend with, had found that a moderate amount of weight was a positive advantage, and from 60 to 100 pounds of shot was commonly carried. At the same time they were not ready to concede the benefit of the weight of a 60-pound centreplate and at least 200 pounds of shot in addition. As racing took root inland on smooth water, as at Albany, long one of the strongholds of canoeing, the new men, as a rule, discarded all ballast, and sailed their canoes with no weight save their own bodies.

In spite of the bulb-fins and weighted boards of later days, it must be said that the universal verdict of long years of canoe-racing has spoken against very heavy ballast and displacement; and that the second issue, between moderate ballast and no ballast, is largely a matter of conditions, though some of the fastest sailing of late years has been done in canoes without a pound of extra weight outside of the construction.

The necessity for classes, rules, and restrictions became evident at an early stage of canoe-racing in England, and early in the seventies the Royal Canoe Club formulated a code of rules; but up to 1880 neither rules nor classes were known in the United States. In the races of that year, both about New York and at the gathering of canoeists at Crosbyside, Lake George, which marked the formal organization of the American Canoe Association, the various models present were grouped in two or three general classes, practically the *Rob Roy* type in one class and the various *Nautili* in another. The races at the second A.C.A. meet, in 1881, were sailed under such a primitive arrangement; and it was not until this meet that the number of canoes had become sufficiently large and the races so interesting as to call for a fixed code of rules to regulate building and racing together. Such a code was drawn up in the fall of 1881, based largely on the R.C.C. rules, but adapted to American conditions, several classes of both paddling and sailing canoes being established and defined.

In the absence of rules, and with all sizes and models classed together, the races were interesting only to the competitors and their friends; but as each of the new classes was built up by the addition of new craft, a deep interest in racing was awakened among canoeists throughout the country. The first two meets were rather quiet family affairs, informal canoeing picnics at Crosbyside, attended by the more enthusiastic canoeists. The third meet, however, gave proof that the young association had attained a national standing, a much larger number being present, and many localities being represented — New York, Albany, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Springfield, Philadelphia, Boston, Ottawa, Toronto, and Peterboro.

Following the *Wraith* and *Queen Mab*, already mentioned, the leading sailing-canoes were now fitted with centreboards, mostly of the deep and narrow "dagger," or, more properly, cimeter form, as used in the Barnegat sneak-box; or with the then newly invented folding-board, with leaves like those of a fan. Under the rules, a keel of more than two inches depth was prohibited as unfitting the canoe for handy use ashore in beaching or sleeping; and though this depth was by no means sufficient, one of the fastest canoes of the day was the old *Dot*, sailed by Mr. Vaux, with such a keel of oak. The deck position and the common T deck tiller were generally used with a solid wooden rudder, and the canoes were open amidship for a length of five or six feet, with movable hatches. The many varieties of rig exhibited might be roughly divided into two classes, bad and good, the former including the majority of all shapes and sizes, the latter the huge lateens of the Cincinnati C.C., and the large balance lugs of the New York C.C.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

JACK-RABBIT HUNT AT LAMAR, COLORADO.

THE annual jack-rabbit hunt near Lamar, in southeastern Colorado, ended December 23d, when five thousand one hundred and forty-two dead rabbits were brought to Lamar. A rack two hundred feet long had been erected, and on this the game was stretched. The rack was six feet high, with an arch of fifteen feet in the centre. Ten hundred were carried away by hunters, and the rest were sent to Denver and Pueblo for distribution among poor people Christmas day. Besides a hundred hunters from Lamar, more than a hundred men from La Junta, Denver, and other cities joined in the chase. The best score was made by A. H. Cawthorn, of La Junta, who killed two hundred and thirty-nine rabbits. The record of the day is held by four Pueblo sportsmen, who killed two hundred and twenty-five rabbits in two hours.

This was not a rabbit "drive." The rabbits are hunted in that way in California and Kansas, and it amounts to little less than a slaughter, for the rabbits on a large area of prairie are simply surrounded and gradually driven to the centre, where they are killed by the wholesale. But at Lamar every hunter shifted for himself, and there was no organized effort to drive the rabbits together. They were shot down with Winchesters as soon as they dared to jump from their cover. This method of hunting them gives a rare test of skill in sharp-shooting, for, by reason of their irregular up-and-down motion in running, they are decidedly hard to hit with a rifle-ball.

Jack-rabbit day will soon have a place in the calendar of feast days in Colorado if the interest in the chase continues. There has been a grand hunt every winter for several years, each one being larger and more successful than its predecessor.

When the special train bringing the visiting hunters reached Lamar there was a brass band at the station, and the brass band was there when they left. The merchants closed their stores, and the people threw open their houses for the entertainment of their guests. After the hunt began, the irregular discharge of the rifles in the sand hills around Lamar reminded one of picket firing. When a large party of gunners found a stretch of prairie where the rabbits were thick, the report of the guns sounded like a general engagement. Though the rabbit-hunt is a fixed annual event in Lamar, and rabbits are killed by thousands, there seems to be no decrease in the number. They multiply so rapidly during the summer months that it becomes necessary to make some such organized attack on them, for they are becoming as great a nuisance as they are in Australia. The rabbits breed on the grassy plains above the canals, where they stay until their forage fails them. They then gather in the alfalfa fields, which accounts for their being so numerous at this season of the year.

At the beginning of the hunt the wagons began coming in at four o'clock, and continued until nine at night, with heaping loads of the slain furry enemies of the farmer. The cleaners began their work with the first wagon load, and worked bravely, but the odds were against them, and they were soon half buried in the mass of rabbits awaiting preparation for shipment. At the first day's hunt fully two thousand were killed. No wagon brought in fewer than one hundred rabbits, and one went as high as four hundred and fifty, about three thousand pounds. A great number of rabbits were slain which were not brought in. All records were broken at this hunt, and not a single accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the participants.

When spring comes, and the fresh green grass comes up, the jack-rabbits appear in large numbers, and begin to nibble on the bark of the young fruit trees and the vines. Whole orchards are destroyed by them. If you were to walk through a large vineyard you might not see one rabbit, although hundreds might be around you. They secrete themselves very cleverly in the grass, and being so nearly the color of the ground, are hard to detect. They lie close, with their large ears flat upon their backs, until disturbed, and one can almost walk over them before they will move.

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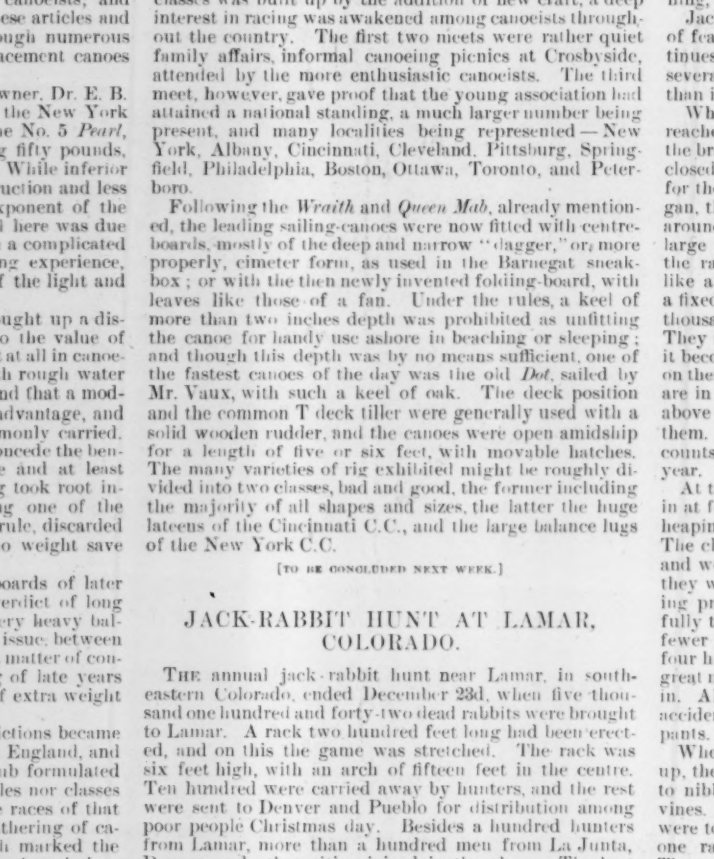

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TUESDAY, the 22d day of October, 1895, at ten of the clock in the forenoon at the said Chambers is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims.

DATED this 24th day of October, 1894.

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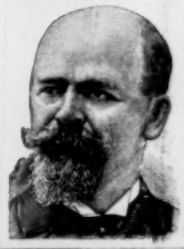

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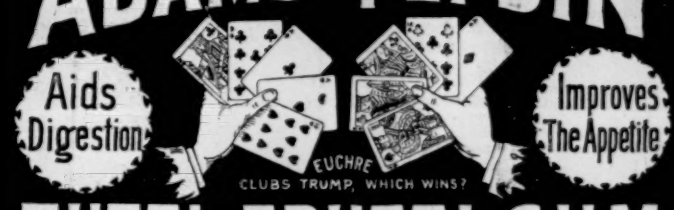

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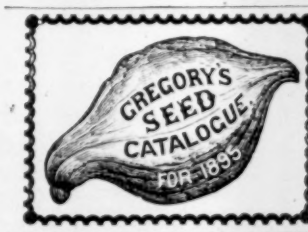

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